

EXPLOSIVE ILLUSTRATED ADULT FANTASY

1984

NUMBER THREE

06899

A WARREN MAGAZINE

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SEPT 1978TM

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TO THE DAWN
OF TIME...
SEEKING
THE ORIGIN
OF LIFE
ON EARTH!



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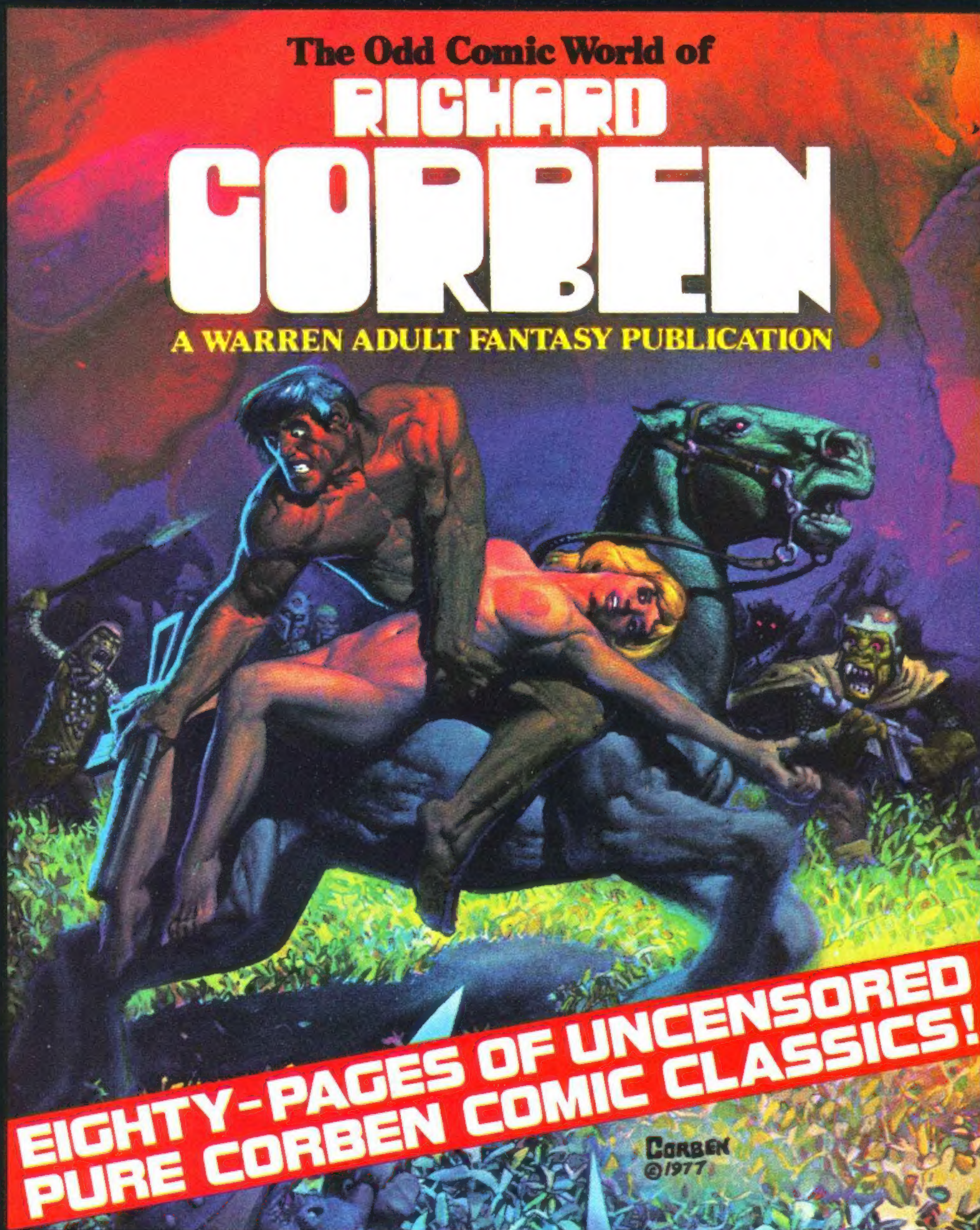
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1984

**NUMBER THREE
SEPTEMBER 1978**

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TELEMETRY

"It occurs to me that every one of your artists and writers has an acute case of Tourettes' syndrome, the swearing sickness," writes Dr. Ralph Thomas of Dade City, Florida. While Barry Smith, of Kingsport, Louisiana says, "I can't begin to tell you how much 1984 has improved my vocabulary!"

4

SQUEEZIN'S

It was his first day on the job, and the new president wanted to know everything: All of the secrets, all of the dirt, all of the nasty idiosyncracies that made the country run. What he learned was that the presidency was a myth. The real world leaders were nipping corn squeezin's from a jug!

6

IDI AMIN

You remember tricky Dick Nixon, don't you? The political outlaw who amassed a fortune selling his memoirs to the media. If truth be known, and if there were any historians left in this war-ravaged world, they could trace the cause of the recent apocalypse to that humble recluse of San Clemente!

20

IN THE BEGINNING

The mission was on. It had been timed to the second. The calculations had been checked and triple checked. And the crew was excited and ready. It wasn't man's first excursion into time. But it was the first time he would travel twenty billion years ... and come face-to-face with his creator!

31

MUTANT WORLD

Dimento was a sly fellow. Oh, yes he was. He traded a whole sackful of half-rotten, worm-eaten apples for the secret location of a cache crammed with food. He couldn't understand, though, what the food was doing in an ancient, sludge-filled sewer. And whatever in the world were those growling sounds?

43

OMAR BARSIDIAN

Omar Barsidian was a runaway. He fled the planet Orgasty, to find a more meaningful way of life. But, he was a condemned man. As one of the beautiful people, it was impossible for him to escape. Sally Starslammer had orders to bring Omar home. In lieu of that, she was to bring back his head!

51

DR. JERKYLL

Young Doctor Jerkyll didn't say much. But then, he didn't have to. He was a brilliant scientist, with a very special formula, that could transform him into a vastly different being. It made him unwieldy. It made him insane. It made him beautiful, with breasts the size of overripe cantalopes!

57

DISNEYSPACE

Some might wonder why an ancient steamboat was churning through the blackness of space. It wasn't so unusual. Not in this famous amusement park. What was unusual was the ominous vessel which pursued it. Somehow, the craft didn't appear like it belonged in the wonderful world of DisneySpace!

62

COMMFU

Aaron was a sub-norm, incapable of speech, programmed in the art of destruction. He and his fellow sub-norms had a mission. But they had all been killed or captured, and Aaron was damned if he knew what the mission entailed. All he knew was that he had to kill. So off he went with his tommygun!

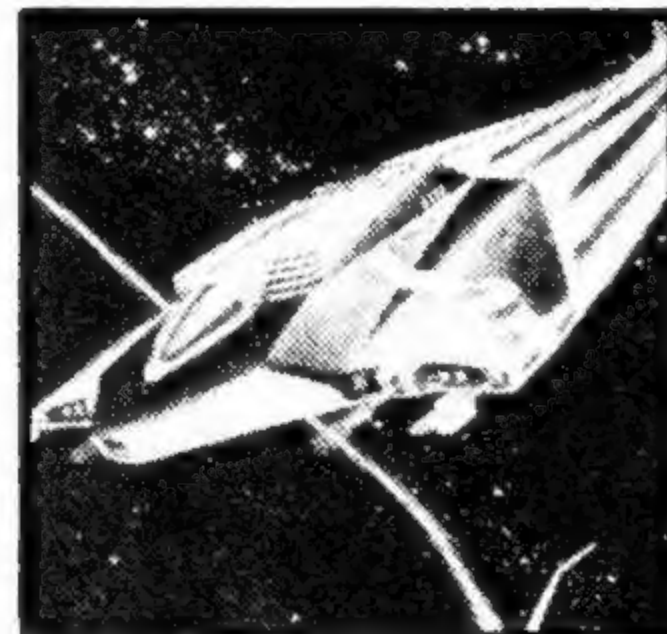
68

THE HARVEST

It was November. Time for the annual harvest; when game had to be thinned, so the animals would not die of starvation in the lean winter months. But, it was also 1988. And most game had long-been extinct. What type of animal, then, was being raised in the preserves, fattened for the anxious hunters?

75

incoming telemetry



**"1984 IS NOW...
AND I HOPE IT'S
FOREVER!"**

I purchased **1984** only after some days of hesitant deliberation. Being somewhat of a more "serious" fan of the genre, I have formed the habit of avoiding the market's offering of science fiction/horror comic magazines. And since **Warren Publishing** has long been recognized as the primary "villain" in this area, I have developed a negative attitude specifically towards the **Warren** entities.

In this particular instance, I noticed the **Warren** label only after my purchase. So what else could I do? I read the magazine. Hence, this letter expressing my reactions, conclusions and comments.

Consensus: **delightful!**

I found the opening editorial remarkable, and emotionally stirring. Such sentimentality compares with my own thoughts and feelings regarding the subject matter. Now well-approaching my middle years, I can recall the way it used to be. How thoroughly refreshing to examine a periodical marketed by serious fans, rather than merely another merchandising effort.

While I am no authority on contemporary comic art, I do nonetheless, have a good general idea of the current state of affairs regarding the same. I feel that the artwork presented in **1984** was the **finest** available. The magazine is artistically masterful; a visual splendor to behold. Plaudits to all, and a very special tip of the hat to the great **Wally Wood**.

In regards to the literary content, the stories themselves were generally quite good, with only a few mere notches away from being excellent. Although there is always room for improvement in this department, I am registering no complaint or shortcomings...! As I've said, I loved the book. I bid you a warm welcome and a hearty congratulations on a job **very well done!**

TERRY R. ROARK
Lancaster, Pa.

What a package! Ten fantastic stories! Eighty-four glorious pages! The best art and stories ever! And not one page of advertisements in sight!

R.A. ZIERS
Bloomfield, N.J.

It could just become the greatest magazine ever!

BILL SHARP
Knoxville, Tenn.

You know what I like best about **1984**? The **attitude**. It's not a humor magazine nor a porn book. Yet, it's not straight science fiction, either. It's clear that within these pages, nothing is sacred. That all aspects of the frail human condition are fair game. Unlike so many other purportedly "fun and entertaining" comics, you don't take yourselves too seriously. It's as if you're saying, "Look, world... we know we're just a funny book, so throw off your inhibitions and have some old-time fun!"

With an attitude like that, there's no way you can miss.

As you say, **1984** is now! And god-damn... I hope it's **forever!**

VIRGINIA CHAMPIGN
Edwardsville, Ill.

Congratulations on your incredibly funny magazine. I loved it.

BECKY MONTERO
Bronx, N.Y.



1984 PESSIMISTIC?

The title **1984** irks me. First, it's not very original. And secondly, I fear that it might (subconsciously) limit the scope of the magazine. Though, I can see at a glance why the title was selected. It is an eye-grabbing display that will no doubt enhance sales. And, I suppose, business is business.

STEVEN JOHNSON
White Horse, S.C.

Since '84 is only six years off, the name of your new magazine seems a bit pessimistic. Nonetheless, it is the best **Warren** debut since **CREEPY** #1.

I was a bit surprised at the sexual aspect, thought not entirely displeased. "Last of the Really Great, All-American Joy Juice" and "Angel" were both marred by an overdose of junior high "tough guy" cursing, which lost any punch due to its profusion. And "Faster Than Light's" racial aspect was out of place and to no point, only undercutting the wacky fun.

PATRICK COSGROVE
San Antonio, Texas

SEXIST...? US?

What with the treatment accorded the fairer sex within the pages of the first issue of **1984**, I am inclined to make the reasonably secure deduction that your execrable editor harbors a blatant, perhaps unrealized hatred of women. What did we ever do to you, huh, guy?

SUE McCARTHY
Souix City, Iowa

What's the matter with your erstwhile editor? Isn't he getting enough? Is that why he's getting his rocks off within the pages of **1984**?

MORTON FORK
Ondia, S. Dakota

BAPTISM OF FIRE?

You guys really believe in baptizing your readers with fire. It wasn't enough that you featured big bold yellow letters across the top of your cover that fairly screamed the words "illustrated adult fantasy!" No! You had to hurl us bodily into "The Last of the Really Great All-American Joy Juice!" Proof once and for all that you weren't messin' around when you said this was an **adult** magazine.

And yet, no other story could have led off your trend-setting new magazine. This one said it all.

CAROL MORRISON
Ivanhoe, Minn.

I hadn't gotten past the first page "Last of the Really-Great All-American Joy Juice," when I had to turn back to the cover to see if **1984** really was a new magazine from **Warren**. Needless to say, it was, and is. And I was convinced that I held in my hands a new side of **Warren** that would revolutionize the comic world forever.

I half-heartedly expected nothing more than one of your usual horror titles. Not that they aren't good magazines. They were just what I needed three years ago. But since then, I've outgrown them.

1984 reached out and gave me something I haven't experienced in years of comics collecting. **Excitement**. And profound, gratuitous **pleasure!**

"Last of the Really Great All-American Joy Juice" was revolutionary from beginning to end. It continued to amaze me. I couldn't put the story down. I sincerely believe you made a wise choice in presenting it first. It showed clearly that **Warren** is an old friend that has finally come of age.

PAUL HILL
Pittsburgh, Pa.

I wish to express my disappointment with your writing and editing in the first issue of 1984. More specifically, I am disgusted with the use of the words **chink**, **Jap** and **nip** in the story "Last of the Really Great All-American Joy Juice!"

I realize that the characters' personalities call for somewhat saltier than usual dialogue. However, I feel that the aforementioned slurs were totally unnecessary to the story.

Perhaps you are not aware that the terms **chink**, **Jap** and **nip** are offensive. How long will it be before the casual use of such slurs in comic books spreads to general use in society? I am sure you are aware of your ability to communicate to thousands, and of your ability to influence the simple-minded minority which read your magazine. Perhaps you are also aware that because of your negligence, you have single-handedly undone all progress in inter-racial relations for which Japanese, Chinese and Caucasians have striven for centuries.

CURTIS UYEDA
Palo Alto, Calif.

We have received many letters concerning our free use of certain words within these pages, Curtis. It has never been our intention to offend or alienate anyone, whether he is a member of a minority or simply abhors the use of certain socially unacceptable terms. Our editorial policy is to poke fun at many of the world's ills, past, present and future.

One of our prime targets is society's fear of words. Without standing on a soapbox, what we are trying to say, in as entertaining a manner as possible is: "Isn't it a shame that people fear our language?"

We apologize to you Curtis, and to any others who missed our point and took offense!

But we would be proud, not ashamed if 1984, in a small way "contaminated" the English language, and assisted in bringing "forbidden" words into general usage. Perhaps at that point humanity will no longer fear itself, and we will see words for what they truly are: symbols in assisting us to a better understanding.

SEX: LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT!

It occurs to me that every one of your artists and writers has been afflicted with an acute case of **Tourettes'** syndrome. I didn't know it was contagious.

DR. RALPH THOMAS
Dade City, Fla.

I can't begin to tell you how much 1984 has improved my vocabulary.

BARRY SMITH
Kingsport, La.



I want to thank you. You've given us the first comic book stories with **real** people. Characters with which I can identify, relate to, and **care** about: Protagonists who are strongly driven by their own omnipresent sexuality. People like us all, whom **Sigmund Freud** said, are motivated in our every action by **sex**.

I refer, of course, not only to your liberal usage of the English language, but to the adult themes in your stories, as well.

Take for instance the classic personality of Captain Spunky Bolt, the star sailor and closet homosexual in the lead story, "Last of the Really Great All-American Joy Juice." Initially, I was under the impression that this character's use of vulgarisms was employed for sheer **shock** value, or, because the more liberal climate in this country simply allowed you to at long last employ words and phrases that have long been taboo. I was **shocked**, quite frankly, into passive, non-thinking indignation. Then it hit me. Hey! This guy is a sailor of tomorrow. So how in the hell are sailors supposed to talk? It's role stereotyping with more than a grain of truth to lend it credibility. And yet, Spunky, unlike his real-life, present-day counterpart, refrained admirably from employing the common, now overused term **fuck** in every other sentence. Your author/editor quite wisely thrust more colorful euphemisms between his lips, which lent exactly the right temper to Spunky's personality.

Not only was the character speaking quite naturally for a man of his position, but he was covering up his own rampant homosexuality with words and actions that made him sound and seem more like a robust heterosexual "man!"

That aspect didn't occur to me, I admit, until the final panel of the story. But I wonder how many others missed this marvelous little bit of literary subtlety because they were too upset or too hung-up on

the use of socially questionable discourse to see the intricate and subtle shades of characterization which your excellent author/editor employed.

Then, on the other extreme, there is the tragically beautiful Clarissa, from the truly moving ode, "Once Upon Clarissa."

She did not betray her proper upbringing by employing common or colorful vulgarisms. She showed that she was a verbally eloquent lady, motivated by one all-consuming desire: to give birth.

I truly felt for Clarissa. I cried for her. I laughed with her. For me, she was as real, as exciting as any woman I've known. **More** real, **more** exciting, **more** alive than most of the cardboard Farrahs, Raquels or Barbie dolls walking around today. And yet, there isn't the remotest trace of socially questionable intercourse in the entire story. Which makes it even clearer to me that your author/editor is not exploiting the language nor corrupting his responsibilities for a cheap shot at greater magazine sales. He is using English language artfully and quite professionally. And I only hope that those flaunting less intelligence than he has shown, by rebuking his use of **words**, will eventually overcome their own fear of simple words, and enjoy the flawless, discerning entertainment that is to be found within the pages of 1984.

SCOTT ASHTON
Queens, N.Y.

PORTRAIT OF MORE TO COME?

Based on my vast experience with comics (or funnies if you wish), I predict that 1984 will serve up some excellent, inspired material for the first few issues. An abbreviated period of literary and artistic stagnation will follow. If we're lucky, there will be a feeble rally. But eventually, the magazine will succumb to sagging sales. We'll see an early death, and a reclassification to comic book legendry. And a few years from now we'll all be saying, "Remember '78 when '84 was being published? Man, those were the days!"

Puh-leeeeeeease! Prove me wrong!

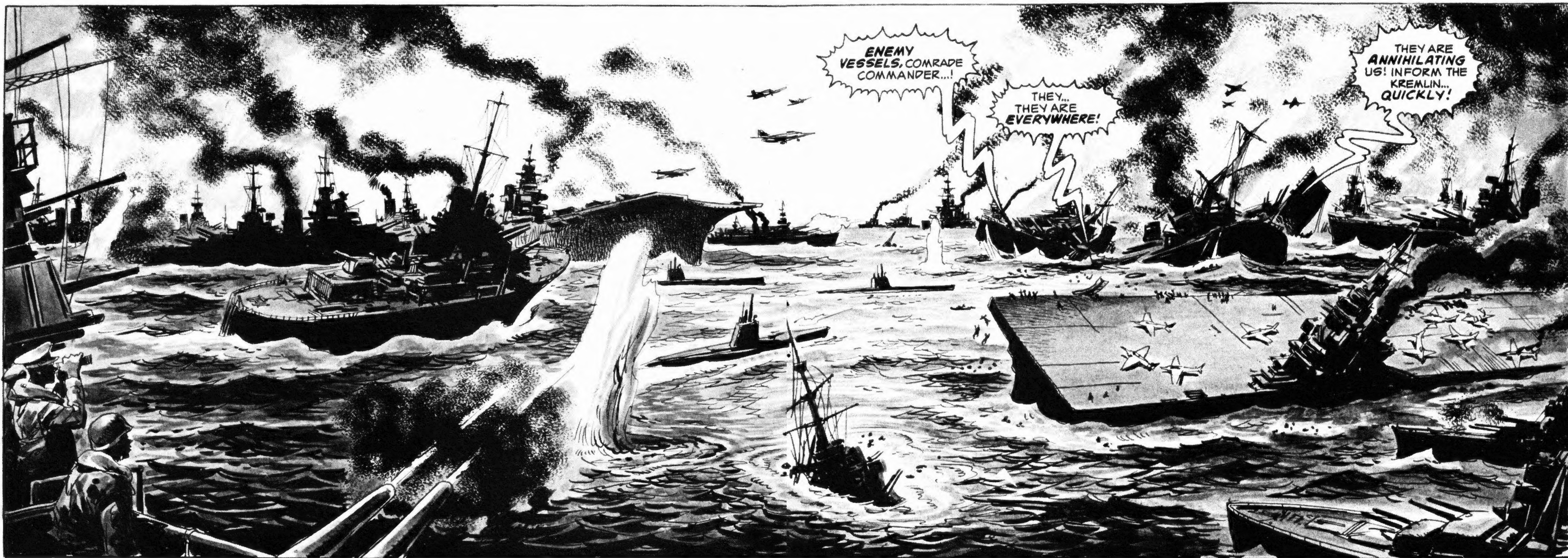
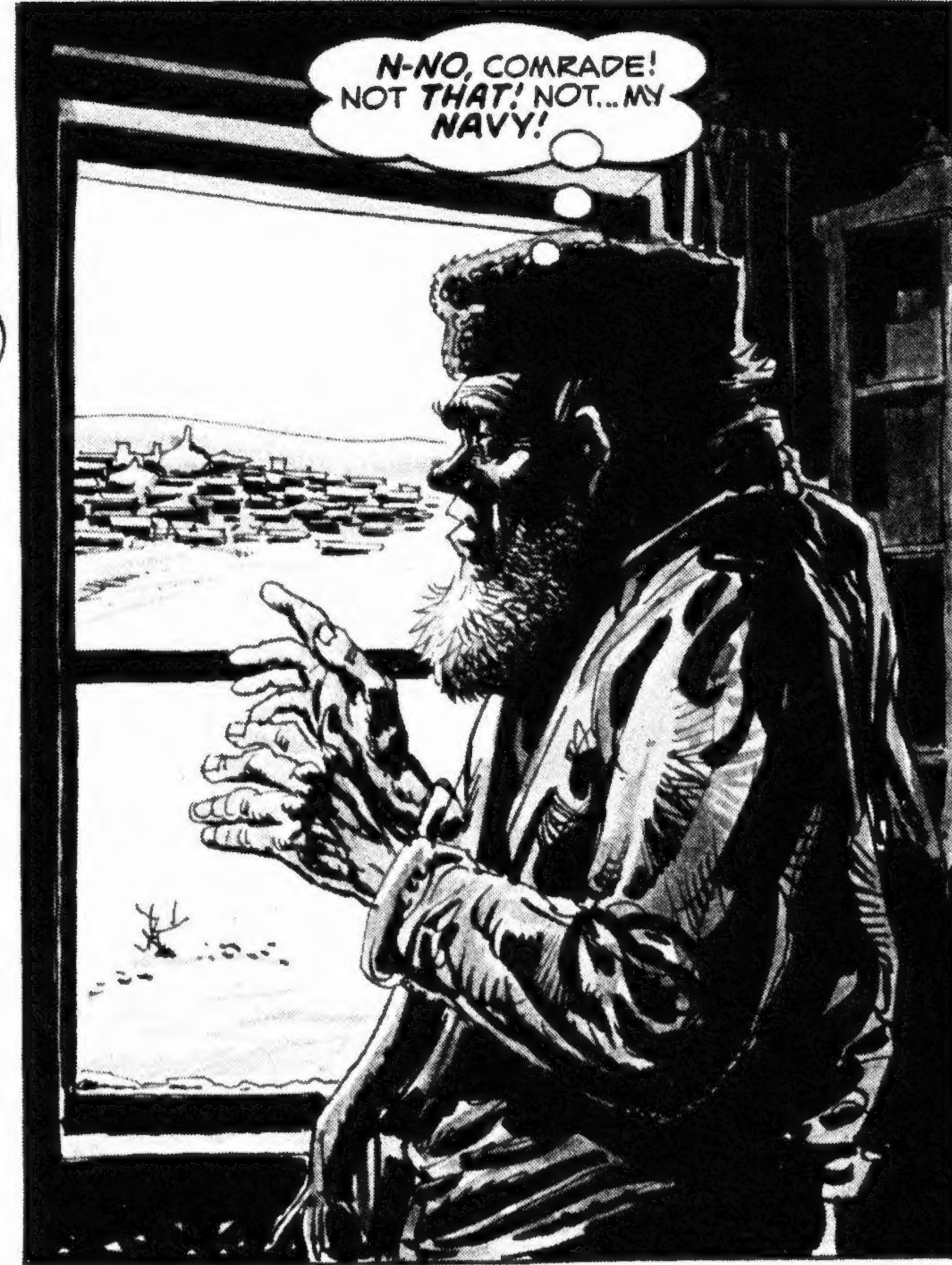
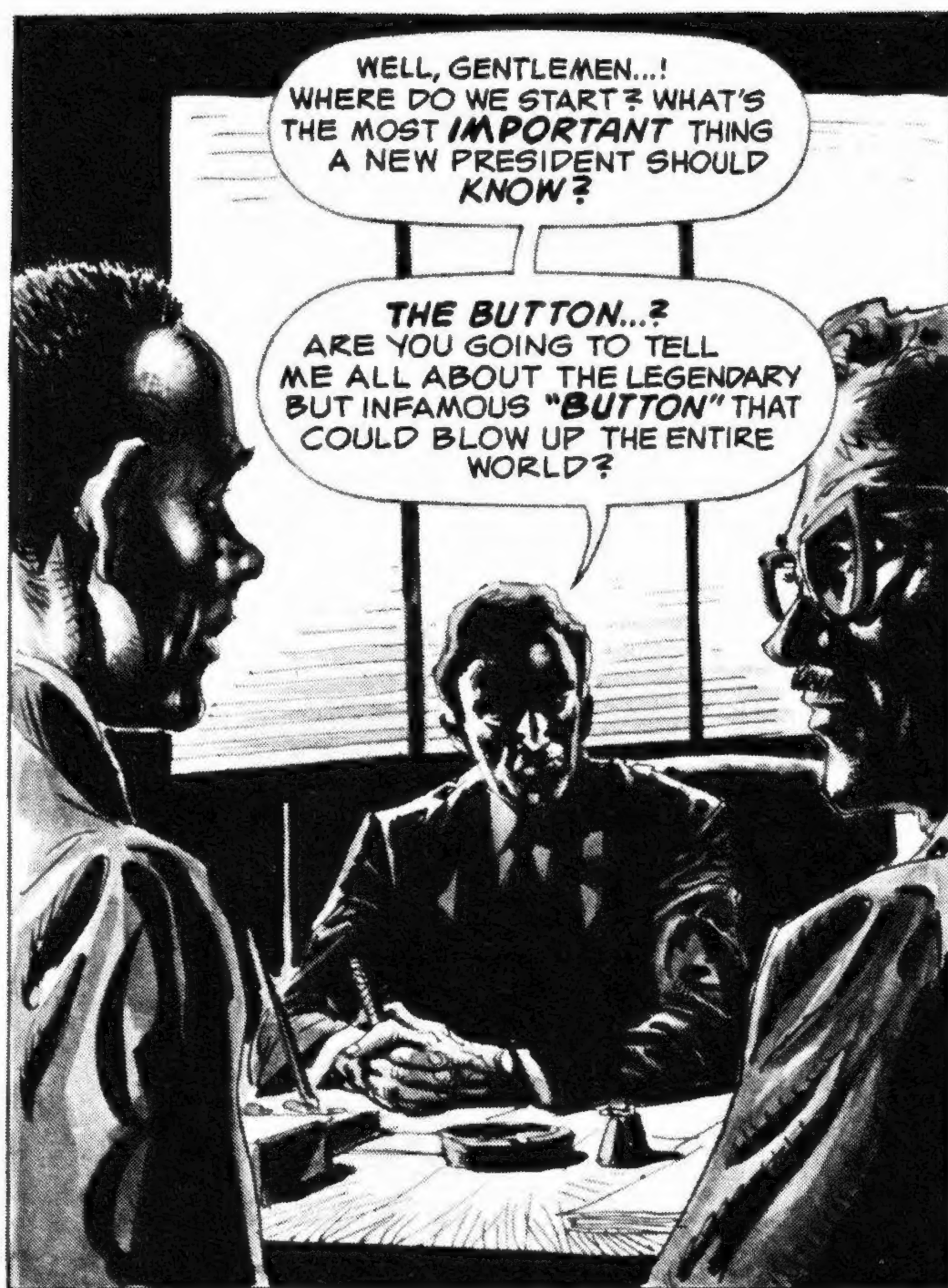
L. PHILLIP DUQUESNE
Rapid City, Iowa

Let us calm your fears, Phillip. As one astute reader put it, "1984 is now and forever!" We'll still be here in 2001! As for what we are going to do about our name becoming outmoded by that glorious year, we still haven't figured out!

Send all letters to: 1984 MAGAZINE, WARREN PUBLISHING, 145 East 32nd Street, N.Y. N.Y., 10016

SQUEEZIN'S!







COME NOW, GENTLEMEN. YOU NEEDN'T BE BASHFUL WITH ME! YOU'LL FIND ME A SIMPLE, UNDERSTANDING MAN, VERY MUCH LIKE YOURSELVES!

ONLY DIFFERENCE BETWEEN US, IS THAT NINETY MILLION INTELLIGENT, DISCERNING AMERICANS VOTED ME NUMBER ONE IN A POPULARITY POLL!



OUT WITH IT, NOW! WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO TELL ME THAT COULD BE SO TERRIBLE?

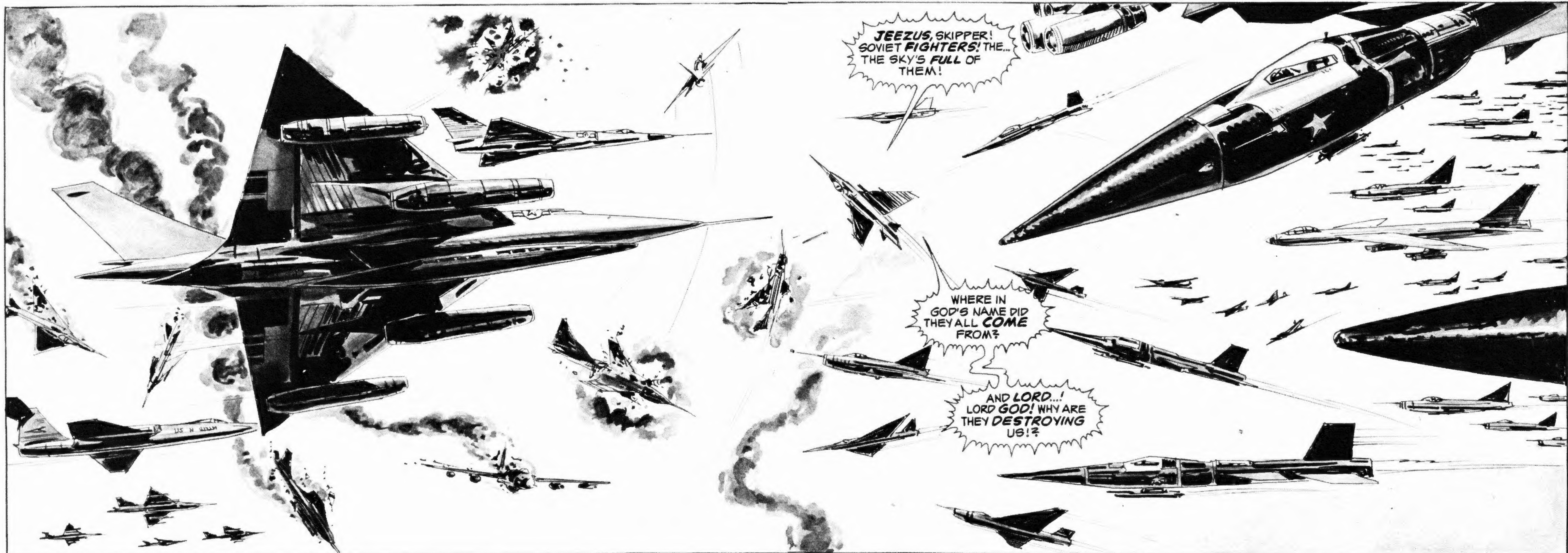


AH DON'T KNOW 'BOUT YOU, BORIS BOAH... BUT AH'D SAY WE WAS JUST 'BOUT EVEN UP! ONE ALL... AN'THASS GAME!



A FEW OF YOUR MEAGRE SUBMARINES IN EXCHANGE OF MY TOTAL FLEET... IS HARDLY "EVEN UP" AS YOU SAY, "COMRADE!"

I THINK A FEW OF YOUR AIRCRAFT SHOULD SETTLE SCORE!

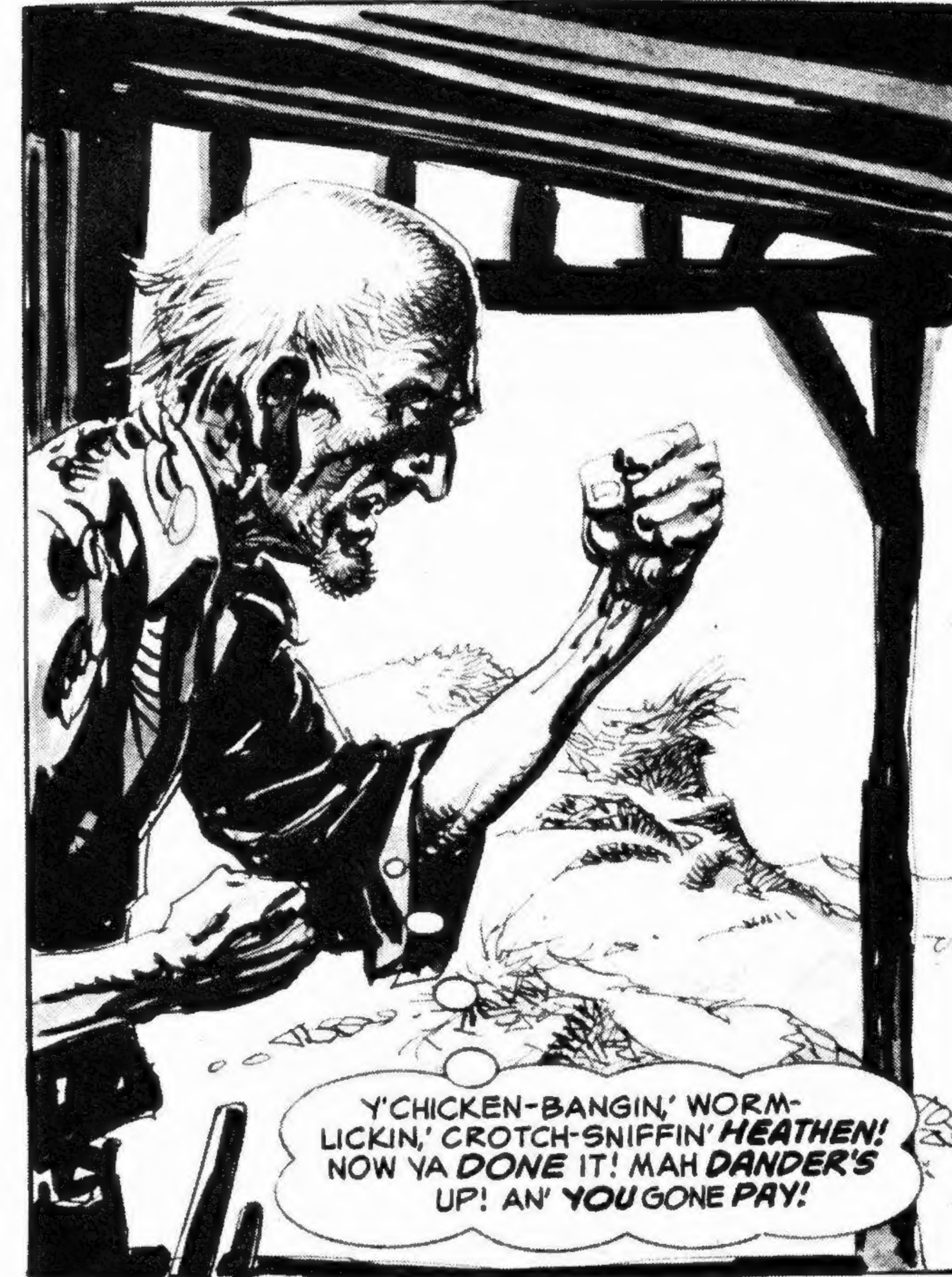


JEEZUS, SKIPPER! SOVIET FIGHTERS! THE... THE SKY'S FULL OF THEM!

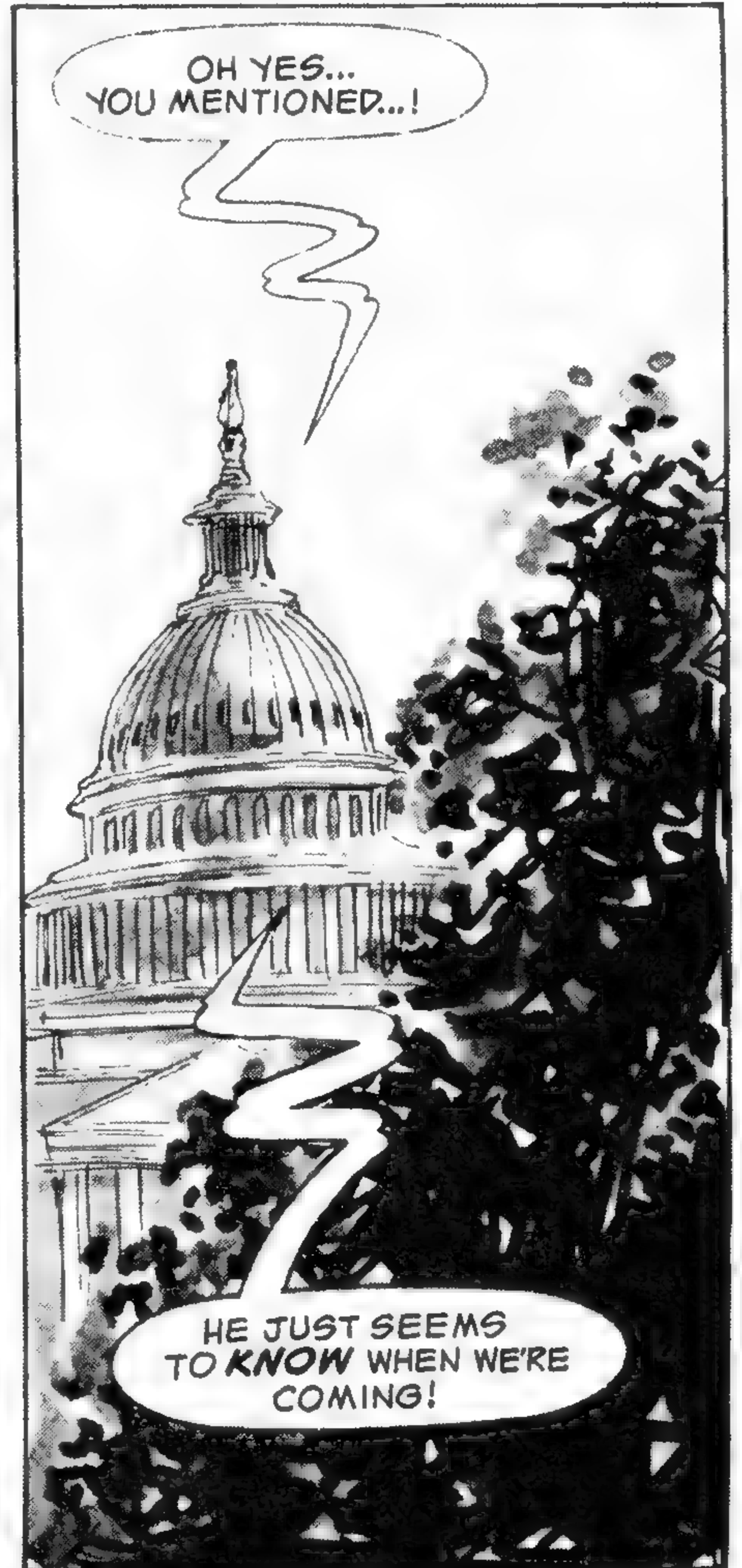
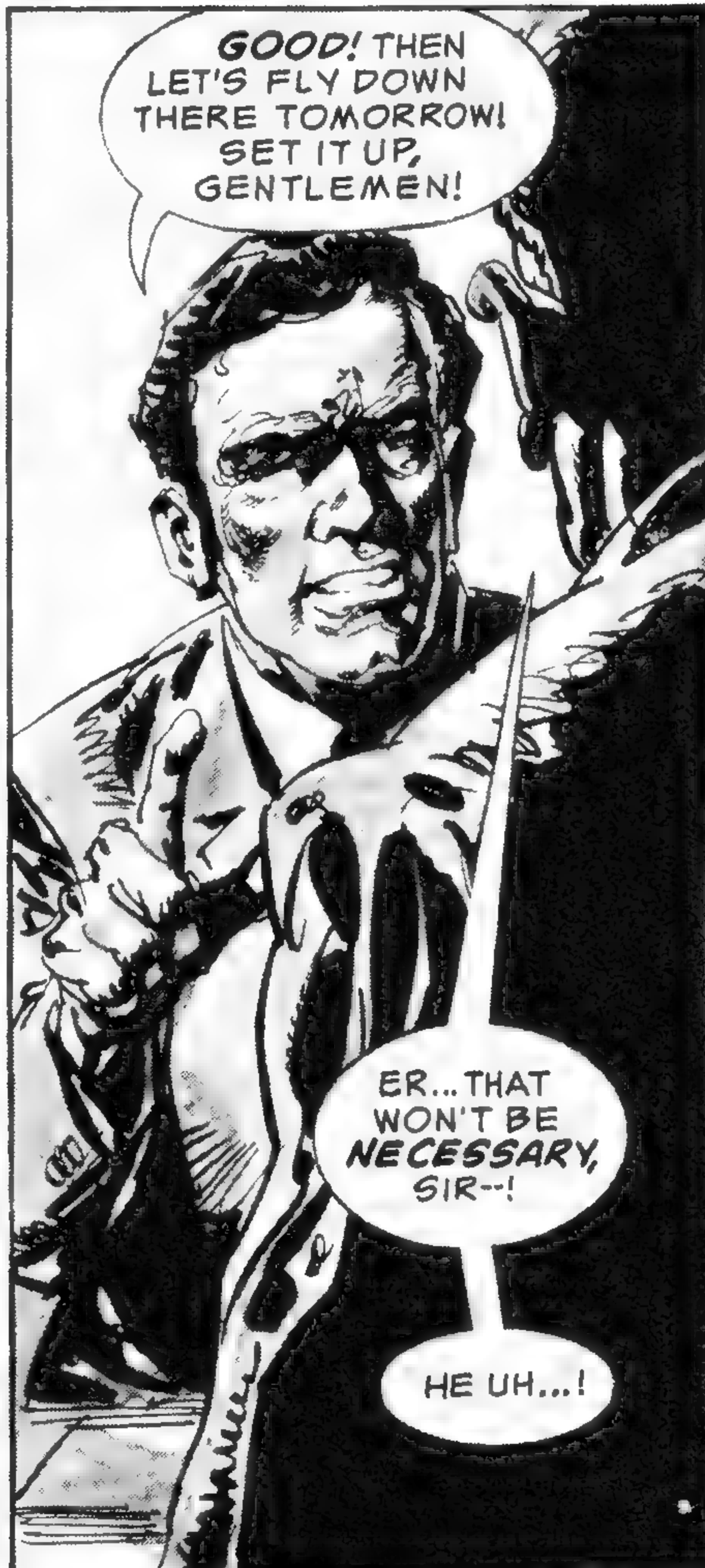
WHERE IN GOD'S NAME DID THEY ALL COME FROM?

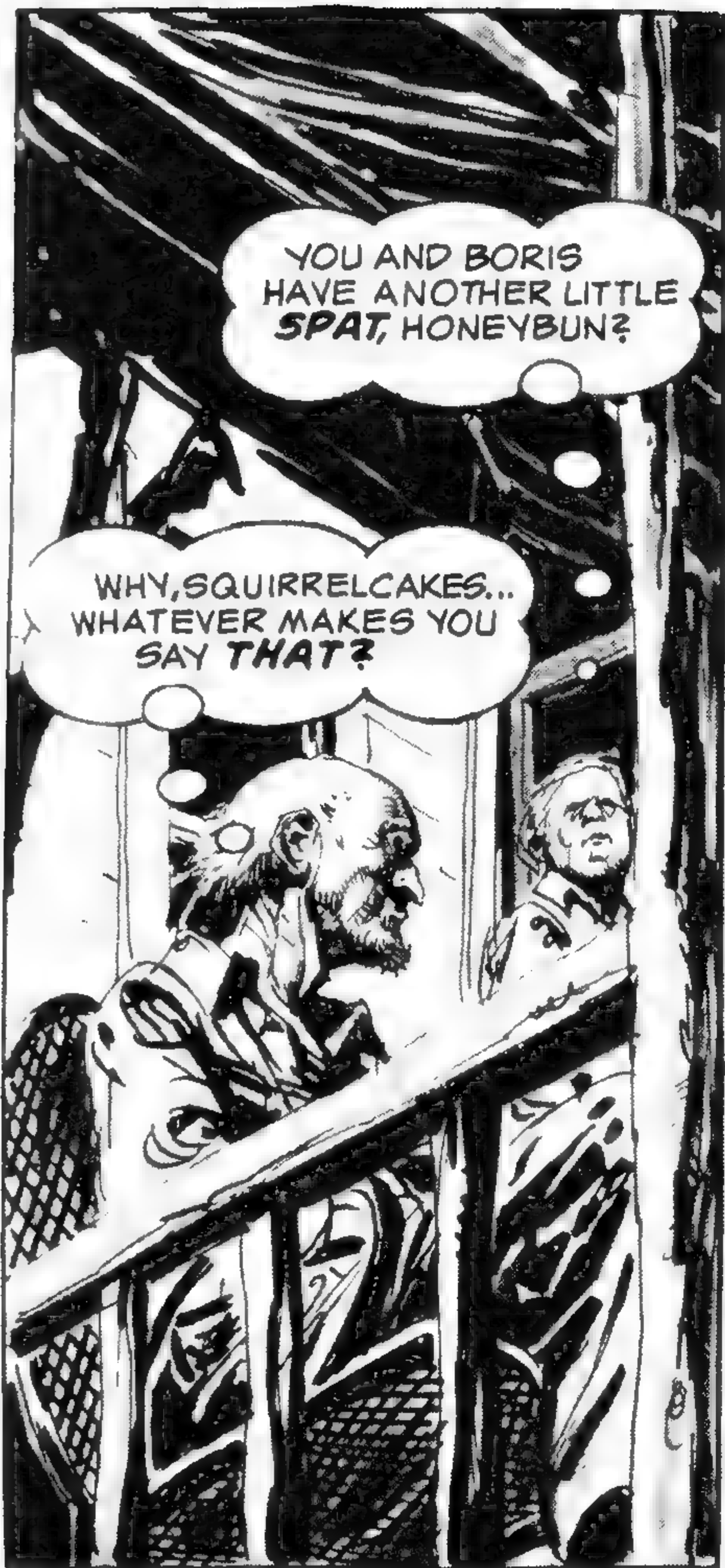
AND LORD...! LORD GOD! WHY ARE THEY DESTROYING US!?











YOU AND BORIS
HAVE ANOTHER LITTLE
SPAT, HONEYBUN?

WHY, SQUIRRELCAKES...
WHATEVER MAKES YOU
SAY **THAT**?



I DONE OVERHEARD
TH'NEW PRES'DENT **SCREAMIN'**!
THEY JUST GAVE 'IM THE
NEWS!



HE SAYS HE'S
GONE COME DOWN
HERE T'MORRA AN'
TALK WITH YA'BOUT
IT!

THAT SHORE
IS NEIGH'BLY
A'HIM!



Y'THINK HE'LL BRING
ME SOME NICE **PRESENTS**
LIKE THAT **LAST** GOOD OL'
BOY WE HAD IN TH'WHITE
HOUSE?

HE'S ORDERED UP A
CASE'A THE FINEST
STORE-BOUGHT
SQUEEZIN'S!

STORE BOUGHT!?
YECCCCHHH! HE SHORE AIN'T
GITTIN' OFF ON TH'RIGHT
FOOT, **IS** HE?



AIN'T **NOTHIN'**
KIN TOP MAH OWN
RECIPE...! 'CEPTIN'
A'COURSE MAYBE
BORIS'! HIS IS PERT'
NEAR AS GOOD!

SO GOOD, IN FAKK...
THAT WHEN WE DECIDES
T'PACK IT **IN**, WE BOTH
DONE DECREED, WE'S
GONE LEAVE OUR
RECIPES T'THE
WORLD!



CARE FOR A
LITTLE **TASTE**,
APPLEPLUMS?

JUST A **SMIDGEON**,
PUNKIN PIE...! AH DON'T
HAVE ANYWHERE **NEAR**
YOUR NOR BORIS'
IRON-WILLED
CAPACITY!

HEY! YOU REMEMBER TRICKY **DICK NIXON**, DON'T YOU? **SURE!** WHO DOESN'T!? HE WAS THE POLITICAL OUTLAW WHO AMASSED ONE OF THE GRANDEST **FORTUNES** KNOWN TO MAN SIMPLY BY SELLING THE STORY OF HIS UNDER-THE-COUNTER PRESIDENTIAL SKULLDUGGERY TO THE MEDIA...!

WELL IF TRUTH BE KNOWN, AND IF THERE WERE ANY HISTORIANS LEFT IN THIS GODFORSAKEN, WAR-RAVAGED WORLD, I'M SURE THEY'D TRACE THE **ROOT** OF THE RECENT APOCALYPSE TO THAT HUMBLE RECLUSE OF SAN CLEMENTE.

OH, HE DIDN'T PUSH ANY BUTTONS OR ANYTHING AS GLORIOUS AS THAT. **HELL NO!** FIRST OFF, EVEN IF HE HAD THE **BALLS**, THEY NEVER WOULD HAVE GIVEN HIM THE **POWER**. NOT AFTER HIS HUMILIATINGLY FEEBLE **COMEBACK** IN '84 WHEN HE WAS LITERALLY WIPED OFF THE FACE OF THE POLITICAL MAP BY PRESIDENT-ELECT **BELLA ABZUG**.

WHAT **DICK NIXON** DID WAS SHOW OUR GOVERNMENTAL VIZIERS THE NEED FOR **PRANKSTERISM** IN NATIONAL POLITICS: **DIRTY TRICKS** AND THE LIKE... TO SABOTAGE ALL UNAMERICAN "OPPOSITION!" JUST LIKE HIS BOYS DID AT **WATERGATE!**



NOW'S MY CHANCE...!



WHILE THOSE SLIMING **MUTES** ARE HUNTING MORE **FOOD**...



...I CAN SNEAK INTO THEIR DEN OF **GOODIES**...!



SHIT! RAT AGAIN! JUST ONCE I WISH THEY'D LEAVE ME A NICE **FILET MIGNON**...!

HUHH!?

SO, SOME YEARS AFTER HE LEFT OFFICE, WHAT THE **WHITE HOUSE** DID, WAS QUIETLY ADD TO THE ALREADY INFAMOUS ROSTER OF GOVERNMENT CLOAK-AND-DAGGER AGENCIES. JOINING THE C.I.A., C.I.D., F.B.I., SECRET SERVICE, G-2, S.N.I.C.K., S.N.A.C.K., AND THE NATIONAL SECURITY ORGANIZATION, WAS **D.D.T.**, OR THE **DEPARTMENT OF DIRTY TRICKS**, AS IT WAS KNOWN IN WASHINGTON LONGESE.

IT WAS HEADED BY LONG-TIME TRICKSTER AND NIXON CONFIDENCE MAN, **HOWARD HUNT**, WHO CONSIDERED IT HIS PATRIOTIC **DUTY** TO RECRUIT THE MEANEST, VILEST, MOST SADISTIC MOTHER-REAMERS THIS SIDE OF SOUTHERN MONGOLIA, TO UNDERTAKE THOSE GOOD-HUMORED "**PRANKS**" WHICH WOULD KEEP AMERICA **SOUND!**



AGHHHHHLL!

THIEF! IS THIEF STEALING OUR **FOOD!**

ME...I'M ONE OF THOSE FUN-LOVING CLOWNS. MY NAME IS **DOGMEAT JONES!**

ARRRRRGHHH!

KILL THIEF! KILL!!

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO IDI AMIN?

THEY CALLED ME **DOGMEAT** BECAUSE AFTER TEN YEARS WITH THE DEPARTMENT, THAT'S WHAT I USUALLY MADE OUT OF MY "VICTIMS!"



WE CATCH HIM!
WE EAT HIM! HIM MAKE
BETTER MEAL THAN GIANT
RATS!

LOOK! THIEF
RUN! HIM HIDE IN BIG
STONE LADY!



VICTIMS? YEAH! FOR LACK OF A BETTER TERM, THAT'S WHAT WE CALLED THEM. MARKS. DUPES. SACRIFICES. PREY! IT ALL ENDED UP THE SAME. IF THEY SAID OR DID DIRTY TO THE U.S.O.F.A., SOONER OR LATER HOWLING HOWARD SENT US AFTER THEM...



HA! LOST
THE JELLY-BALLED
CLOTS!

WITH ALL HUMILITY I MUST ADMIT THAT I WAS ONE OF THEIR **BETTER** OPERATIVES. THEY HANDED ME ONLY THE **TOUGHEST** JOBS. THOSE THE OTHER AGENTS DIDN'T HAVE THE CUBES TO UNDERTAKE. LIKE **MOKHTAR OULD DADDAH**, PRESIDENT OF MAURITANIA, WHO SPREAD THOSE NASTY STORIES ABOUT LILLIAN CARTER'S SEX CHANGE BACK IN '82...

IT WAS MY ASSIGNMENT TO TEACH THAT SMUTTY MOTHER NOT TO SPREAD VICIOUS **GOSSIP** ABOUT OUR CITIZENRY. SO, GOODNATURED FELLOW THAT I AM, I HAD THE GENITALIA OF A GREAT BLUE WHALE GRAFTED ONTO HIS GROIN DURING ONE OF HIS ON-THE-SLY VISITS TO COPENHAGEN'S ØSTERGADE.



I GUESS I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU... HE DIDN'T GO AROUND MAKING SEXUALLY DEGRADING STATEMENTS ABOUT MISS LIL! I MEAN MR. LILLIAN AGAIN. OR ANYONE ELSE FOR THAT MATTER.

THEY WOULD HAVE TO SHOW UP JUST AS I WAS GETTING READY FOR MY MORNING MEAL! SHIT!

THEN THERE WAS THE TIME IN BULGARIA... WHEN **TODOR ZHIVKOV**, THE FLIPPANT SECRETARY OF THE COMMUNIST PARTY, IN ELOQUENT BULGARIAN, CALLED PRESIDENT ABZUG THE ILLEGITIMATE OFFSPRING OF A HORSE'S ASS...

I NEEDN'T MENTION WHAT WE GRAFTED ONTO **TODOR**. THE STRANGEST THING ABOUT THAT... FROM THE REAR YOU COULDN'T TELL HIM OR BELLA APART!



I COULD GO RAT-HUNTING... BUT THERE'S ALWAYS THE CHANCE THAT THE RATS'D END UP HUNTING ME!

YEAH...! THEY GAVE ME THE NASTY-ASS **PHYSICAL** TASKS. THOSE ASSIGNMENTS THAT DEMANDED A **CONNOISSEUR'S** TOUCH WHEN IT CAME TO POETIC IRONY...

WHY VENTURE IN-TO THE SQUALID OUTDOORS WHEN I'VE GOT A NICE SAFE HIDEOUT IN-
SIDE OLD LADY SPHINX...?



OH I NEVER DID THE ACTUAL "CUT AND PASTE" ON ANY OF MY WORK. I HAD A **SPECIALIST** FOR THAT. MY FORTE LAY STRICTLY IN DESIGNING THE "BLUE-PRINTS"



HUH!?
H-HEY... WHAT GIVES?

ONE OF MY MASTERPIECES WAS WHAT GOT THE WORLD IN-TO THIS MESS. IT INVOLVED **IDI AMIN**, PRESIDENT, FIELD MARSHAL, DOCTOR AND JESTER OF TINY UGANDA IN AFRICA...

BEFORE I STARTED ON HIM, **IDI** WAS QUITE A **TERROR**. ONCE UP ON A TIME HE WAS THE HEAVY-WEIGHT BOXING CHAMPION OF THE ENTIRE **UGANDAN** ARMY. IT DOESN'T SEEM ALL THAT MANY YEARS AGO THAT HE WAS IN THE RING, TAKING THOSE PUNCHES TO THE HEAD WHICH EVENTUALLY GAVE HIM HIS GRAND **POLITICAL** ASPIRATIONS.

YOU PROBABLY READ BACK IN '71 WHERE **IDI** LED HIS ARMY AGAINST **MILTON OBOTE**, THEN **UGANDA'S** PRESIDENT, IN ONE OF THE DULLEST MILITARY COUPS OF THE CENTURY. OF COURSE, **MILT** WAS ON **VACATION** AT THE TIME, SO **IDI'S** BOYS DIDN'T MEET WITH A HELLUVA LOT OF RESISTANCE.

OH GREAT!
AND RIGHT ABOVE
THE **CRYOGENICS** CHAMBER,
TOO!

CRIPES! THE
GODDAMN **FLOOR'S**
GIVIN' WAY!

HEH! HEH! HOW Y'DOIN',
HELGA, OL' GAL...? YOU
REMEMBER ME...
DON'TCHA!?

THROUGHOUT THE SEVENTIES **IDI** AMIN RULED **UGANDA** WITH AN **IRON FIST**. HE CLAIMED THE COUNTRY'S **WEALTH** AS HIS OWN, SAMPLED THE CHARMS OF HIS FEMALE SUBJECTS AS HE PLEASED, AND REGULARLY **EXECUTED** THOSE WHOSE FACES HE DIDN'T LIKE.

DIPLOMATICALLY AND POLITICALLY, HE STEPPED ON THE TOES OF GARGANTUAN WORLD POWERS AND DIMINUTIVE PEONS ALIKE. HE WAS A MONGOLIAN CORN-HOLE **INTELLECTUALLY**, AND A SLAVERING NEANDERTHAL **PHYSICALLY**, WHO BUMBLING AND BRUISED HIS WAY THROUGH BOTH NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS!

I'M THE ONE
WHO **PUT** YOU HERE
...TO KEEP THE
RIFF-RAFF AWAY
FROM OUR GUEST!"

HOW WAS I
TO KNOW THAT
ANCIENT MASONRY
WAS GONNA
CRUMBLE UNDER
MY FEET?

HIS FIRST YEAR IN OFFICE, HE ESTABLISHED **ENMITY** WITH **AMERICA**. HIS SECOND YEAR HE ALIENATED THE **RUSSIANS**. BY THE TIME HE'D BEEN IN OFFICE A **DECADE**, OL' **IDI** HAD COME CLOSER THAN ANYMAN IN HISTORY OF HAVING HIS COUNTRY BLOWN OFF THE FACE OF THE MAP BY **ENGLAND**, **CHINA**, **FRANCE**, **ISRAEL**, **EGYPT**, **KENYA**, **ZAIRE**, **SOMALIA**, **TANZANIA** AND **LIECHTENSTEIN**, SIMULTANEOUSLY!

AW SHIT,
HELGA! NOW LOOK
WHAT YOU'VE MADE
ME DO...!

I'VE BUSTED
THE FREON SEAL
WHICH KEEPS OUR
PRETTY
SNOOZING...!

NOT TO MENTION HIS
OWN PEOPLE, THE
UGANDANS, WHO IT
WAS DISCOVERED,
WERE ALL SET TO
NUKE THEIR COUNTRY
INTO **OBLIVION** JUST
TO BE **RID** OF HIM...!

IT WASN'T ONLY WHAT IDI DID, IT WAS WHAT HE SAID, AS WELL, THAT GOT HIM ON THE INTERNATIONAL SHITLIST!



IT SEEMED THAT THE ONLY TIME IDI AMIN OPENED HIS MOUTH WAS SO THAT HE COULD FREELY MOVE HIS FEET.

DAMMIT! THERE'S NO WAY TO TURN IT OFF! SHE... SHE'S AWAKENING... STRETCHING... COMING TO LIFE...!

LIKE THE TIME HE NAMED HIMSELF "PRESIDENT, KING, CHANCELLOR, PREMIER, CONQUERER AND MASTER OF THE CONTINENT OF AFRICA, AND UGANDA IN PARTICULAR!"



OF COURSE, NO ONE TOOK HIM SERIOUSLY. THE WORLD SIMPLY FIGURED THAT EITHER HE HAD AN UNEXPECTEDLY WARPED SENSE OF HUMOR... OR THAT IDI AMIN WAS EVEN MORE PUNCHDRUNK THAN THEY'D BELIEVED ALL ALONG.

ANOTHER FEW SECONDS AND SHE'LL BE UNLEASHED AGAIN ON AN UNSUSPECTING WORLD!

YET WHILE EVERYONE WAS TRYING TO FIGURE HIM OUT, SLY-AS-A-SNAKE IDI WAS MAKING READY TO TAKE OVER AFRICA PERMANENTLY... AND THROW THE REST OF THE WORLD IN AS A SORT OF CRACKER-JACK PRIZE!

WHAT HE DID WAS ENLIST THE AID OF A FEW NAZI SCIENTISTS LEFT OVER FROM THE GRAND AND GLORIOUS DAYS OF WORLD WAR II. AGED, BORDERING ON THE SENILE, BUT NONETHELESS-SENILELY BRILLIANT, HE PAID THEM HANDSOMELY TO CONCOCT A WEAPON THAT WOULD OBLITERATE ANYONE NOT OF HIS MASTER RACE!



IF THERE'S ANYBODY LEFT IN WASHINGTON... AND THEY GET WIND OF THIS...

THESE "ETHNIC WEAPONS," AS THEY WERE CALLED, WERE NOT SOMETHING TOTALLY NEW. HITLER HAD HIS SCIENTISTS WORKING ON THEM IN 1939, AS AN EFFECTIVE PERMANENT SOLUTION TO THE "JEWISH PROBLEM."

FORTUNATELY, THOUGH, HITLER'S WEAPONS WERE NEVER PERFECTED. THEY JUST DIDN'T HAVE THE SCIENTIFIC KNOW-HOW BACK THEN TO ISOLATE AND IDENTIFY THOSE SPECIFIC GENES WHICH DETERMINED INDIVIDUAL RACIAL CHARACTERISTICS.

LACKING THAT, IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO COME UP WITH THE RIGHT COMBINATION TO PRODUCE RACIALLY SELECTIVE WEAPONS!

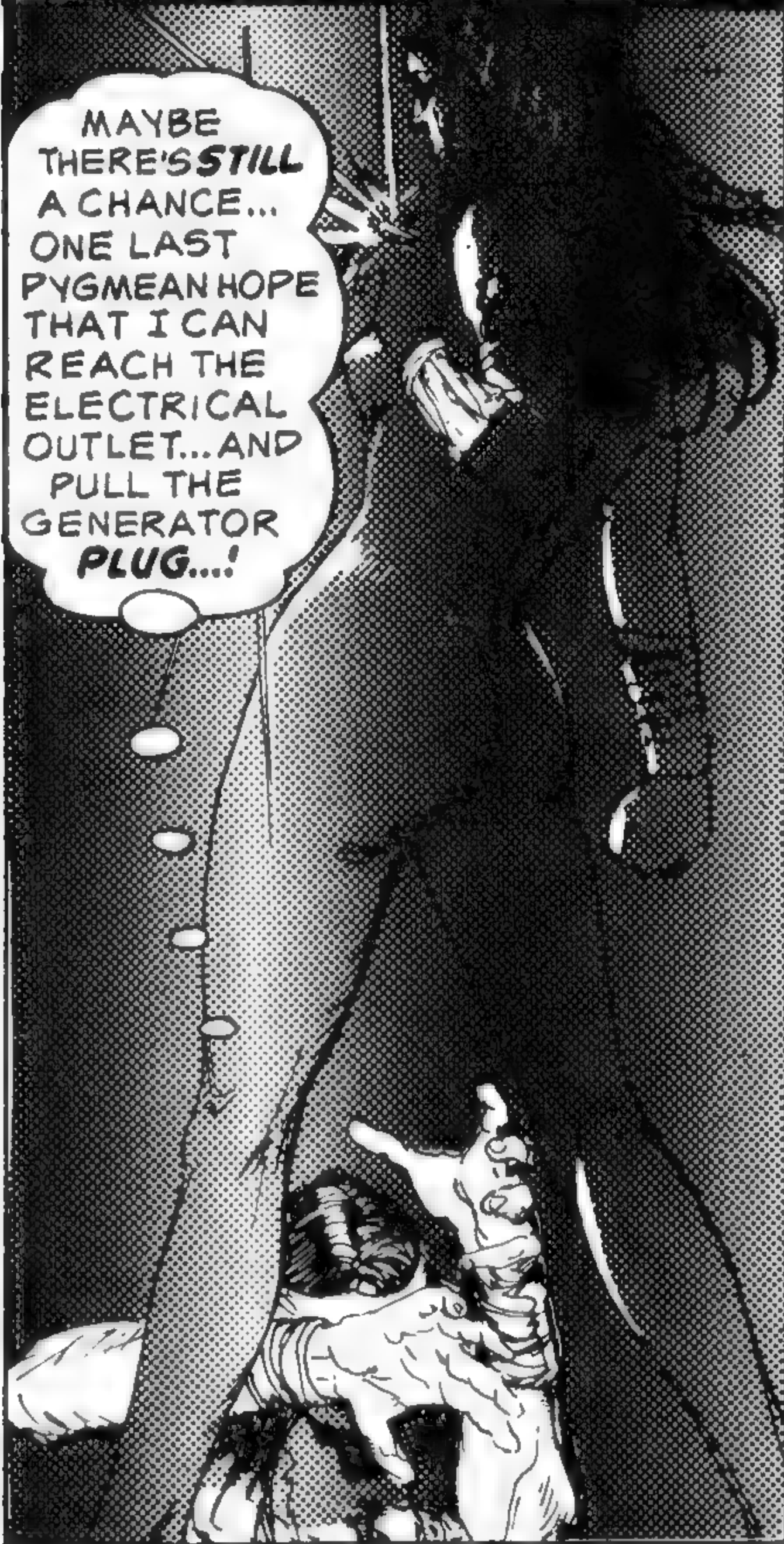


... THEY ARE GOING TO BE PEEEE-lll-lisse!

BUT IDI HAD FIFTY YEARS OF TECHNOLOGY ON HIS IDOL ADOLF. IN A MATTER OF WEEKS, HE HAD HIS ETHNIC ARSENAL: SMALL, COMPACT CONVENTIONAL MISSILES, THAT WHEN LAUNCHED, COULD EFFECTIVELY **DECIMATE** ANYONE AND EVERYONE OF WHITE, RED, BROWN, YELLOW OR EVEN POLKA-DOT COMPLEXION!

ONLY IDI AMIN'S **BLACK MASTER RACE** WOULD BE **SPARED**! AT LAST HE HAD THE MEANS TO MAKE HIMSELF **MASTER OF AFRICA AND THE WORLD**!

MAYBE THERE'S **STILL** A CHANCE... ONE LAST PYGMEAN HOPE THAT I CAN REACH THE ELECTRICAL OUTLET... AND PULL THE GENERATOR **PLUG**...!



NATURALLY, THE C.I.A., F.B.I., I.U.D. AD INFINITUM GOT **WIND** OF HIS DASTARDLY SCHEME. ALL OF THEM, NO DOUBT, SENT THEIR AGENTS INTO UGANDA IN A BE-LATED LAST-DITCH ATTEMPT TO **THWART** THE MADMAN'S DESIGNS.

GAAAAA!



I DIDN'T THINK I'D HAVE A FLY'S PRICK OF A CHANCE TO PULL IT OFF!

"**DISPOSAL**" WAS THE PLAY. BUT ONLY **DDT** HAD THE FORESIGHT TO REALIZE THAT ASSASSINATION WOULD **NEVER** WORK, CHIEFLY BECAUSE IDI'S STATE RESEARCH BUREAU... HIS SECRET POLICE... HAD HIM **TOO** WELL GUARDED!



JUST MY LUCK! **IDI AMIN** LIVES AGAIN!!



WHAT WAS NEEDED WAS A PLAN WITH MORE **DASH**, MORE **DARING**, MORE **FLAIR**, TO ELIMINATE AMIN EFFECTIVELY. THAT'S WHERE I CAME IN. ME AND MY MANIACAL PLOT TO SAVE THE **WORLD**...!

WE GAMBLLED THAT EASY IDI WOULDN'T **DARE** LOOSE HIS ETHNIC MISSILES IF THERE WERE THE REMOTEST POSSIBILITY OF HIS BEING ON THE **RECEIVING** END OF THEIR "WARHEADS"



UGHNN!
ME JUST HAVE REAL SHITKICKER OF NIGHTMARE! DREAM ME **GIRL** WITH YUCHIE WHITE SKIN!

ER... **SORRY**, ID... THAT WAS NO NIGHTMARE!

YET, THERE DIDN'T SEEM MUCH CHANCE OF **THAT** AS LONG AS HE RETAINED THE SKINTONE OF A STUMP-TAILED APE!

VISIONS OF THAT ANCIENT HOLLYWOOD FILM FLOODED MY BRAIN... WHEREIN A RESPECTABLE BLACK ACCOUNTANT AWOKE ONE MORNING TO FIND HIMSELF AN ALABASTER SHADE OF **WHITE**.



GAAAA!
IS TRUE. ME AM **GIRL!**

LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE, GUY...! AT LEAST YOU'RE ONE HELLUVA **LOOKER!**

WHY COULDN'T THE SAME THING HAPPEN TO **IDI AMIN**, I ASKED? THE ANSWER WAS SIMPLE, IT **COULD!**

SO "OPERATION: **WATERMELON MAN**" WENT INTO PLAY. AND OUR BOYS DOWN IN THE DIRTY TRICKS LAB BEGAN COMING UP WITH ALL KINDS OF MARVELOUS WAYS TO TRANSFORM IDI AMIN INTO AN **ALBINO**.



YOU REALLY THINK SO?

WE REASONED THAT IF **IDI AMIN**, OF ALL PEOPLE, COULD WORK WONDERS DELVING INTO OUR GENES, WHY THEN COULDN'T **WE** WREAK UTTER HAVOC ON **HIS?**

AND YET, IF WE WERE GOING TO TAMPER WITH **GENES**, WHY **LIMIT** OURSELVES TO SIMPLY ALTERATION OF **SKIN TONE**? A **UNIVERSE** OF OPPORTUNITY BECAME OURS FOR THE TAKING. WE IMAGINED IDI AS EVERYTHING FROM A SPINELESS **BLOB** TO A MALAYAN **WARTHOG**.



HEY! I HAVEN'T **SEEN** A WOMAN IN SIX MONTHS. EVEN BEASTLY **BELLA** WOULD LOOK GOOD TO ME ABOUT NOW.

IN THAT CASE, IS OKAY! AS LONG AS YOU NOT HAVE **WISE-GUY** IDEAS!



WHO... **ME?** **ID**, MY FRIEND, **THAT'S** THE FURTHEST THING FROM MY MIND!

THE ONLY THING I'M INTERESTED IN NOW IS **FOOD**.



YES! **IS** HUNGRY IN HERE! WE **EAT!** THEN YOU ANSWER QUESTIONS!

EVENTUALLY, WE SETTLED ON A FORM THAT ESPOUSED **ALL** THAT IDI DESPISED: **WHITE, ANGLO-SAXON** AND **FEMALE**. IT WAS **PERFECT!**

YEAH! THAT WOULD BE NICE. UNFORTUNATELY, MY CUPBOARD IS **BARE**, EXCEPT FOR SOME **MOLDY RATMEAT** LEFT OVER FROM LAST WEEK'S RAID ON THE **SLIME-MUTES!**



WE PUSHED ALL THE RIGHT GENETIC BUTTONS AND CAME UP WITH A **POWDER** THAT WHEN APPLIED TO THE **SKIN** WOULD PRODUCE THE DESIRED EFFECTS. WE BRIBED A MAID TO SPRINKLE THE POWDER FREELY ON IDI'S **CHARMIN**, THEN SMUGLY SAT BACK AND WAITED FOR HIM TO DO THE **REST!**



MMMMMM!
RATMEAT! IDI NOT
HAVE RATMEAT SINCE
KAKWA KICK HIM
OUT FROM TRIBE!

IN THAT
CASE...ENJOY.

IT DIDN'T TAKE A GREAT DEAL OF TIME FOR OUR CONCOCTION TO TAKE **EFFECT**. ONE NIGHT OL' IDI WENT TO BED, SUSPECTING NOT A THING. THE NEXT MORNING HE AWAKENED TO THE SURPRISE OF HIS LASCIVIOUS YOUNG LIFE...!

NEEDLESS TO SAY, HIS SENTIMENT FOR HIS NEW-FOUND CHARMS WERE FAR LESS THAN OVERWHELMINGLY ENTHUSIASTIC. AFTER HE FINISHED BANGING HIS HEAD AGAINST THE WALL, HE SIMPLY SLUMPED INTO A CHAIR... AND **CRIED**.



IT AIN'T
HALF BAD ONCE
YOU GET PAST THE
SMELL.

OL' IDI HAD ALWAYS CONSIDERED WOMEN **PLAYTHINGS**... MECHANISMS TO BE **USED**, **WALKED UPON** AND **DOMINATED**. BUT TO SUDDENLY WAKE UP AND FIND HIMSELF IN A WOMAN'S **BODY**...! **GOD!** THE UTTER **HUMILIATION** OF IT ALL!



YOU ONE
WHO TAKE IDI'S
BIG BANANA
AWAY?

BANAN--?! OH!
HEH HEH! YEAH...! I'M
THE ONE RESPONSIBLE
FOR YOUR...ER,
CONDITION!

LET ME TELL YOU... FOR THE LONGEST TIME, WE TOYED WITH THE IDEA OF THROWING IDI TO THE **MASSSES**... OF GIVING HIM HER OVER, AND LETTING HIS OLD **ARMY** BUDDIES HAVE SOME FUN...!



IDI HAVE
TO CUT YOU
HEART
OUT, YOU
KNOW!

LISTEN, GUY!
CAN'T WE LET **BYGONES**
BE **BYGONES**? SO I
SCREWED UP YOUR SEX
LIFE. THE SHAPE THE
WORLD'S IN, YOU'RE
BETTER OFF!



AGHHHHH!
IT **PRINCIPLE** OF
THING! YOU MAKE
MONKEY OUT OF
GREAT **IDIAMIN!**



ANYBODY EVER
TELL YOU YOU'RE
GORGEOUS WHEN
YOU'RE **PISSED?**



YEEEEEEUCHH!
SICK-MINDED CAPITALIST
PREVERT! TOUCH IDI
AGAIN AND... YOU
DIE!!



HEY NOW!
TAKE IT **EASY**.
SO I GOT A LITTLE
FRISKY! IT WON'T
HAPPEN
AGAIN!
PROMISE!

WE WERE **SADISTIC**, WE WERE **HEARTLESS**. AND I'LL BE THE FIRST TO ADMIT THAT MAYBE WE GOT A LITTLE **CARRIED AWAY!** BUT THAT'S HOW WE WERE DOWN THERE AT **D.D.T.**... FUN-LOVING, **SPIRITED** FOLK WITH MARVELOUS SENSES OF **HUMOR!**





THOSE
THE WAR
DIDN'T
WASTE
WERE
TRANSFORMED
INTO
WARTCRUSTED
SLIME-MUTES!

ALL THE BETTER!
THAT MEANS IDI **STILL**
PRETTIEST IN
WHOLE WORLD!

IS STILL
SMARTEST
AND
BRIGHTEST!
BRIGHTER
EVEN THAN
SUN IN
SKY!

STILL?



IS **THIEF!**
THIEF WITH **PRETTY**
GIRL!

THEN
WE EAT
GIRL!
MMMM-
MMM!

KILL
THIEF! **EAT**
THIEF!

LEGEND
OF **IDI AMIN**
IS GREATER
THAN
ALL OF
UNIVERSE...!

UH OH!
ID!



ME AND
GOD, BOY...!
ALL THE
WAY!

ER... **ID...**!
Y'THINK Y'CAN BREAK
IT OFF A SEC,
PAL?

I'VE GOT THIS
TERRIBLE FEELING
WE'RE IN **DEEP**
SHIT!

AGHHHHH!
KILL THEM BOTH!



BUT
ID! NOT
FINISHED!

EAT!

EAT!

UNLESS
WE MOVE
OUR
ASSES
WE ARE!

KILL!

KILL!



C'MON!
THEY'VE CUT US
OFF FROM THE
SPHINX. WE'VE
GOT TO BEAT IT
FOR THE
DESERT.

YOU NOT
GETTING **FRESH**
WITH **ID!**
AGAIN?

YEAH!
WHY DON'T WE
GET DOWN AND
DO IT RIGHT
HERE!

WHA--!?

JUST
JOKING, **ID!** JUST
JOKING.



HEY! YOU
PRETTY **FAST** FOR
SLOW-WITTED
CAPITALIST
DOG!

YOU LEAVE
MUTE-SLIMES IN
DUST!

THAT'S
SLIME-MUTES,
IDI.

WHATEVER!

WHERE WE GO
NOW? YOU GOT
PALACE HIDDEN
AWAY FOR IDI?

PALACE?
BUDDY, THE CLOSEST
THING YOU'RE GONNA
COME TO A PALACE
THESE DAYS, IS A
COMMUNAL SLIME-
MUTE **DUMP-
HOLE!**

NOW HOW'S
ABOUT YOU GETTIN'
DOWN AND **WALKING**
ON THOSE TWO
PRETTY FEET WE
GAVE YOU!?



NO! IDI
NOT **MOVE** UNTIL
IDI GETS
PALACE!

IDI WANT
FORTY ROOM
PALATIAL
HOME... SUR-
ROUNDED WITH
DANCING **GIRLS**
WHO PERFORM
ILLICIT ACTS
UPON IDI'S
BODY...!

WOULD BE
NICE TO HAVE '27
SILVER SHADOW,
ALSO...WITH ROLL-BACK
TOP AND MAG
WHEELS!



LISTEN, IDI...!
THERE'S **SOMETHING**
YOU'VE GOT TO GET
THROUGH THAT
PIGMEAT SKULL
OF YOURS...!

THE WORLD'S
NOT THE **SAME,**
M'MAN. BECAUSE OF
YOU AND ME AND
A WHOLE SLEW OF
PEOPLE **LIKE US,**
OL' MUDBALL EARTH
IS KNEE-HIGH IN
**STEAMING
DOGSBIT!**



OKAY,
SO WE WERE
BOTH LUCKY TO
BE FAR ENOUGH
UNDERGROUND
WHEN THE BOMBS
DROPPED. WE
SURVIVED. BUT
WE'RE **FLUKES,**
MAN. YOU'RE
NOT GOING TO
FIND A HELLUVA
LOT MORE
LIKE US.

THAT
MEAN **NO
PALACE?**

WHATTAY'KNOW!
I THINK I'M GETTIN'
THROUGH.



THEN
WHAT IDI **DO?**

WE **COULD** START BY
CURBING OUR
ANIMOSITY FOR ONE
ANOTHER. THE SIDES
WE REPRESENT ARE
LONG-GONE, MY
FRIEND. THERE'S NO
MORE **REASON**
FOR WAR.



YOU'RE A WOMAN.
I'M A MAN. WE SHOULD
APPROACH OUR
RELATIONSHIP SOLELY
ON **THAT** LEVEL.

RELATIONSHIP!?
IDI NOT SURE HE LIKE
THAT WORD!

YOU THINK
MAYBE WE BE
JUST
FRIENDS?



REJECTION!
ALL MY LIFE, **REJECTION!**
MY **MOTHER** DIDN'T LOVE ME
EITHER, YOU KNOW. THAT'S WHY
I BECAME A HATEFUL, LOATH-
ING, DETESTABLE **SPY**.

LISTEN... YOU
NOT **BAD GUY!** IF
YOU HAD NICE BIG
BOOBS, MAYBE
I'D EVEN LIKE
YOU!



IT JUST...
IDI NEED MORE
TIME TO ACCEPT
LOSS OF WELL-
HUNG MANHOOD!
WHO KNOWS...
MAYBE IN TWO
OR THREE
YEARS WE
GET TO BE
GOOD
FRIENDS!

TWO OR THREE **YE--!?**
OH **CHRIST!** AND I THOUGHT
THE LAST **SIX MONTHS** WERE
HELL. I'M GOING TO **END IT**
ALL NOW.

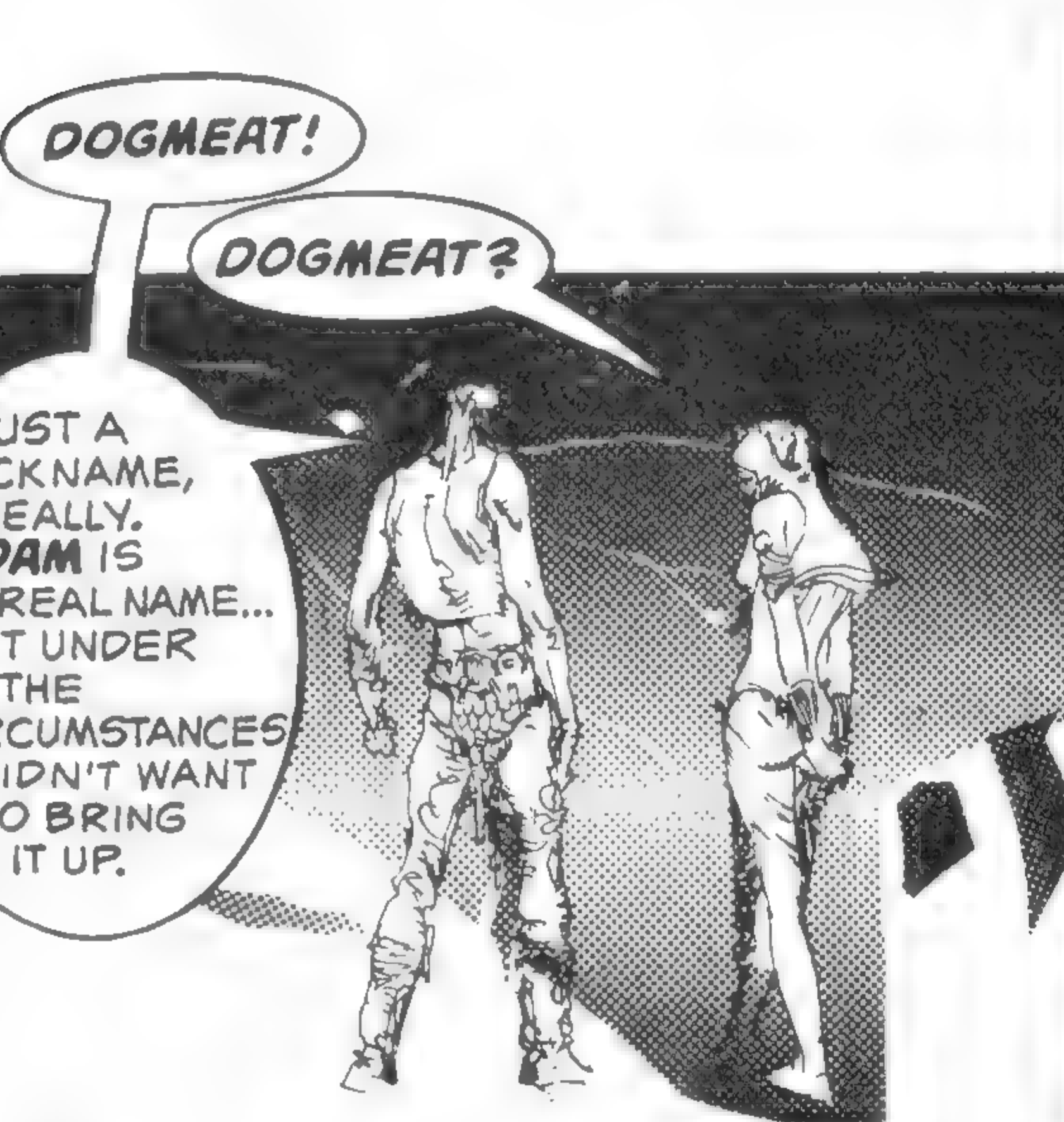


YOU DON'T
THINK MAYBE WE
COULD JUST--!

EVEN **SUGGEST**
IT AND I CUT OFF
YOU **DONG!**

AW... IT WAS
A **LOUSY** IDEA
ANYWAY...!

BY WAY...!
WHAT YOU
NAME?



DOGMEAT!

DOGMEAT?

JUST A
NICKNAME,
REALLY.
ADAM IS
MY REAL NAME...
BUT UNDER
THE
CIRCUMSTANCES
I DIDN'T WANT
TO BRING
IT UP.



ADAM AND **IDI...**!
SEEMS I HEAR SOME-
THING LIKE THAT
BEFORE...!

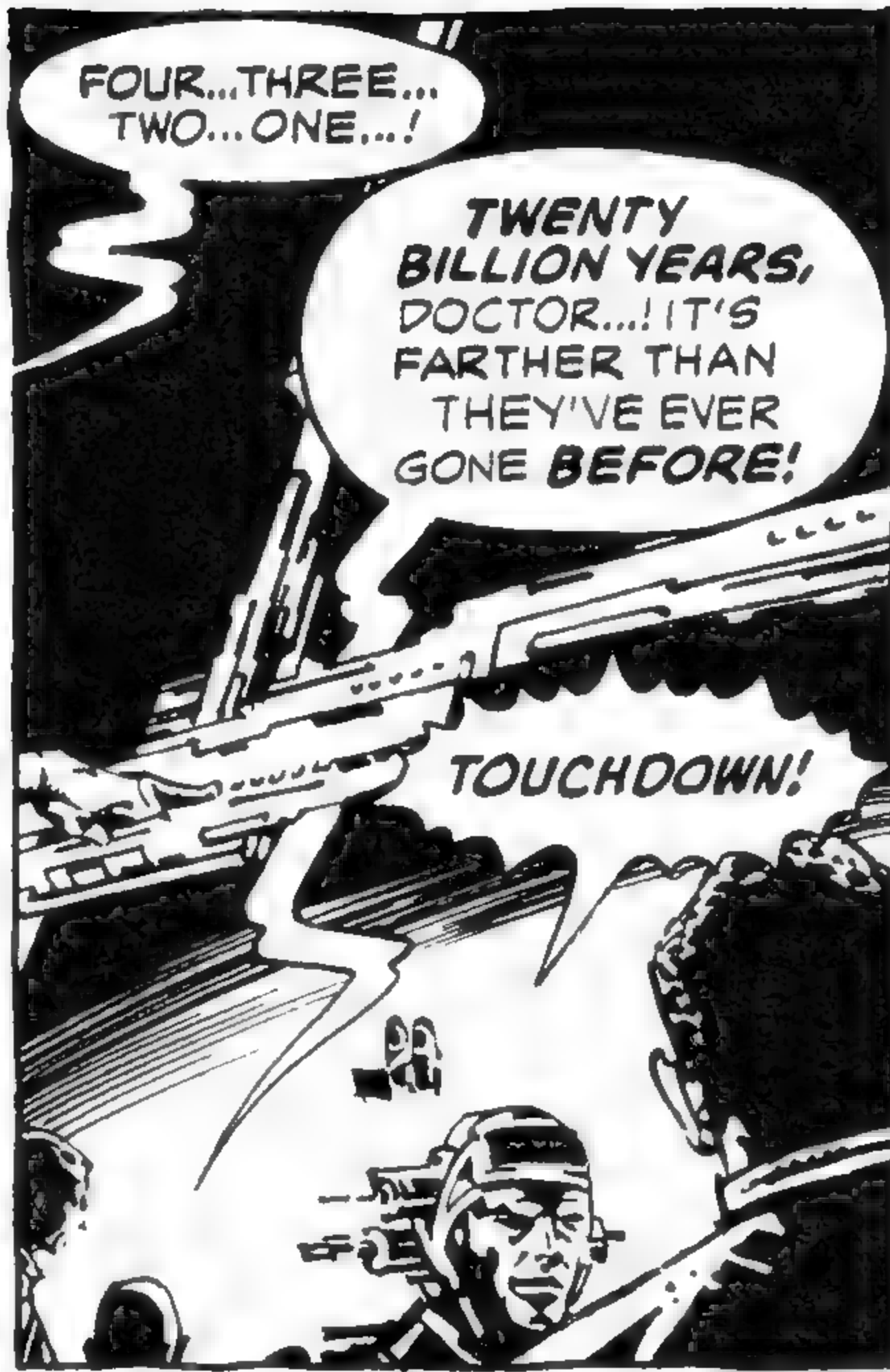
THAT'S WHY
I DIDN'T WANT TO
MENTION IT.

YOU THINK
ANYTHING **COME**
OF THIS,
ADAM?

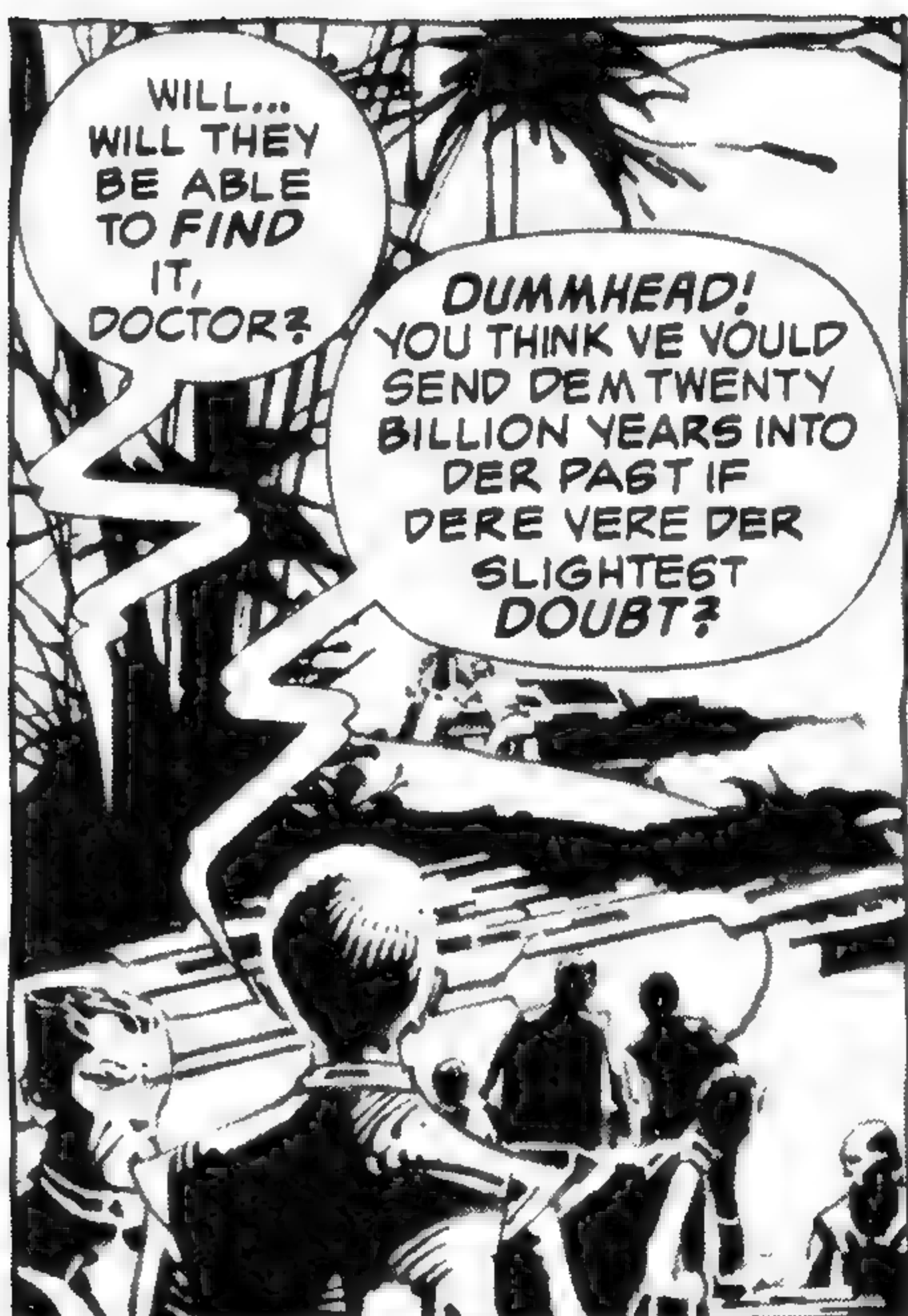
IN A WAY,
I HOPE NOT,
IDI.

I'D HATE
TO THINK
OF A
WORLD
FILLED
WITH
THE
OFFSPRING
OF
IDI AMIN!











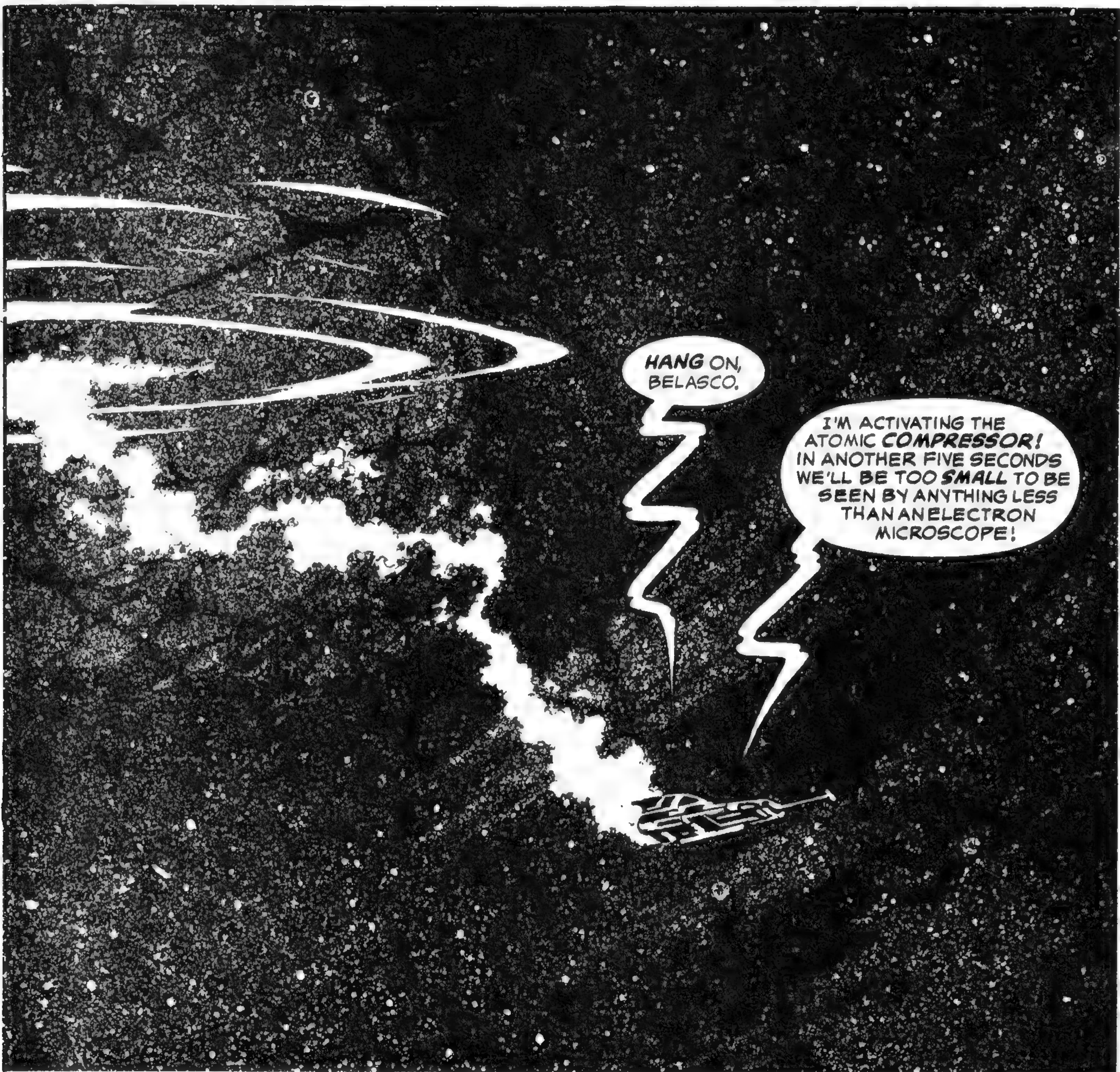
BUT WILL THE
EQUIPMENT STILL BE AS
EFFECTIVE WHEN IT IS
REDUCED IN
SIZE?



JA! DER EQUIPMENT
UND DER MEN VILL BE VUN
HUNDRED PERCENT **MORE**
EFFECTIVE, HERR
SCHNELL.



ONCE DEY DEMSELVES
ARE REDUCED TO **MICRO-
ORGANISMS**, DEY VILL BE
ABLE TO **SEE** DAT FIRST
LIVING ORGANISM BIRTH-
ED VITH DERE VERY
EYES.

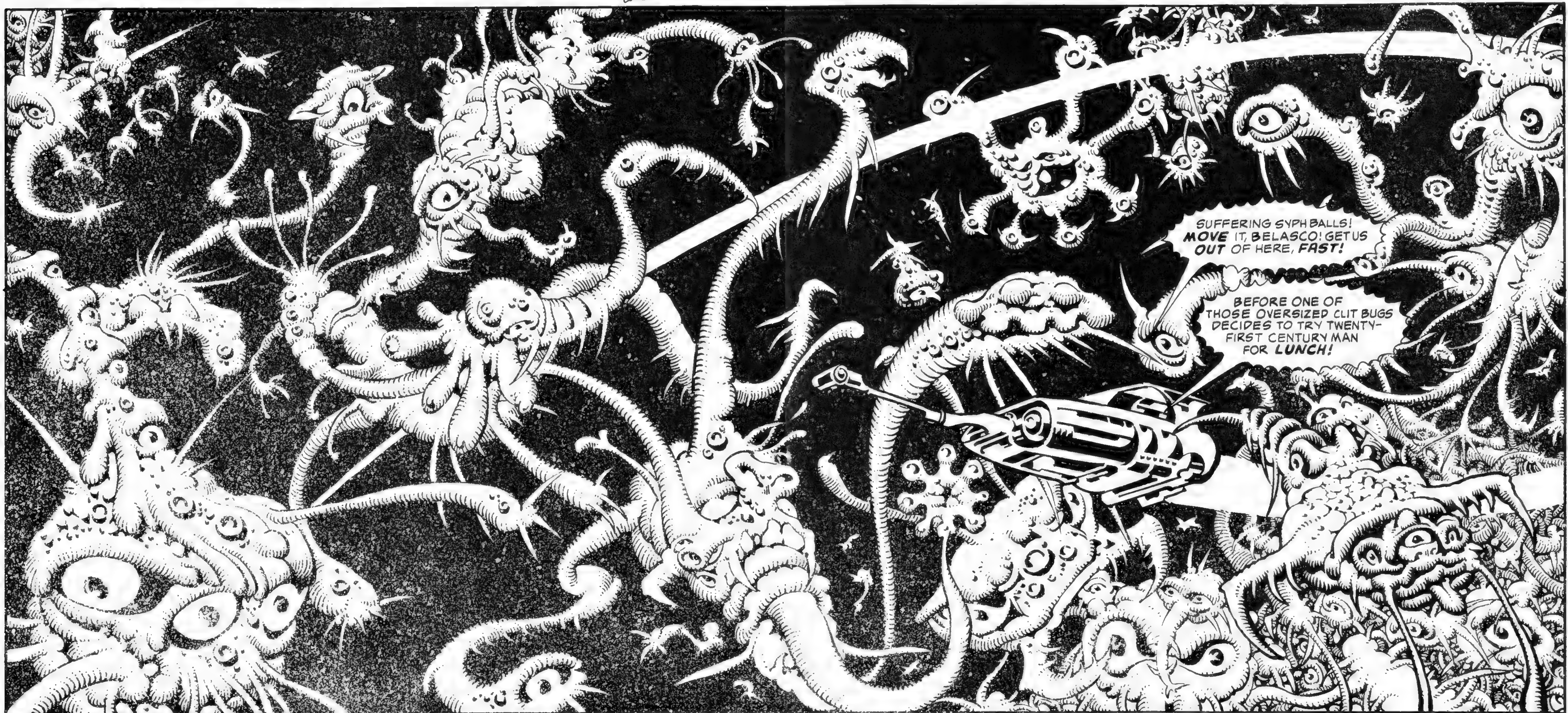


HANG ON,
BELASCO.

I'M ACTIVATING THE
ATOMIC COMPRESSOR!
IN ANOTHER FIVE SECONDS
WE'LL BE TOO **SMALL** TO BE
SEEN BY ANYTHING LESS
THAN AN ELECTRON
MICROSCOPE!









AND...UNBEKNOWNST TO THE SCIENTISTS OF THE FUTURE, A STRANGE, ALIEN VESSEL BOGS SERENELY ON THE VIRGIN WATERS OF EARTH'S DISTANT PAST...! TWO GODS INHABITING ITS DECKS

2 1 3 4 5 6
1 2 3 4 5 *

1 2 3 4 5
6 7 8 9 **

* SHEEE-IT, ZORBB...! HOW CAN YOU DEFILE A VIRGIN WORLD LIKE THAT?

** WHAT DEFILE? NATURE CALLS... AND I ANSWER! LIKE THEY SAY...Y'GOTTA GO...Y'GOTTA GO!

3 4 5 6 7 *

R-R-RIP!
PLOP!
PLOOP!

* IT'S NOT THE KIND OF THING Y'WANNA LEAVE FLOATING AROUND IN THE BLACKNESS OF SPACE, Y'KNOW! NO TELLIN' WHO'S WINDSHIELD IT MIGHT HIT!

1 2 3 4 5 *

1 2 3 4 5 **

* BESIDES...! WHAT'S IT TO HURT? TWENTY BILLION YEARS FROM NOW... THAT TURD MIGHT EVEN EVOLVE IN-TO THE DOMINANT LIFE SPECIES OF THIS PLANET!

** RIGHT! A PLANET FULL OF WALKING TURDS! OH, ZORBB... YOU'RE A CARD!

MUTANT WORLD

WHAT'CHA SEE, BUGS?
Y'SEE SOME **FOOD**,
DO YA... DO YA...
DO YA?

NAW! JUST THE SAME,
STARK, DEVASTATED
LANDSCAPE THERE
ALWAYS IS. NOTHING
THAT MIGHT--! **OOPS!**
WAIT A MINUTE. SOME-
THIN'S **MOVIN'** OUT
THERE.

IS IT **FOOD**, BUGS? HUH?
HUH? IS IT **FOOD**?

CAN'T MAKE IT OUT! LOOKS
LIKE SOMETHIN' WALKIN'
ON **TWO LEGS**.

LEMME **SEE!**
LEMME **SEE!**

AKKKK! BUGS! LOOKY...LOOK
HE HAS **FOOD**, BUGS! YUMMY
YUMMY **FOOOOOD!**

AW, IT'S JUST THAT DUMB MUTANT
DIMENTO. HE SEEMS TO BE
CARRYING SOME KIND OF **SACK!**

MAYBE WE
COULD EAT
HIM, BUGS!
HUH? MAYBE
...MAYBE!

Y'DON'T
SAY...!

ARE WE GONNA **TAKE** THE
FOOD, BUGS? ARE WE GONNA
BASH HIS **BRAINS** IN? HUH?
ARE WE ...ARE WE?

FOOD...YES!
BRAINS...NO!
I'VE GOT A
BETTER IDEA.

STRNAD & CORBEN

Author: JAN STRNAD/ Illustrator: RICHARD CORBEN



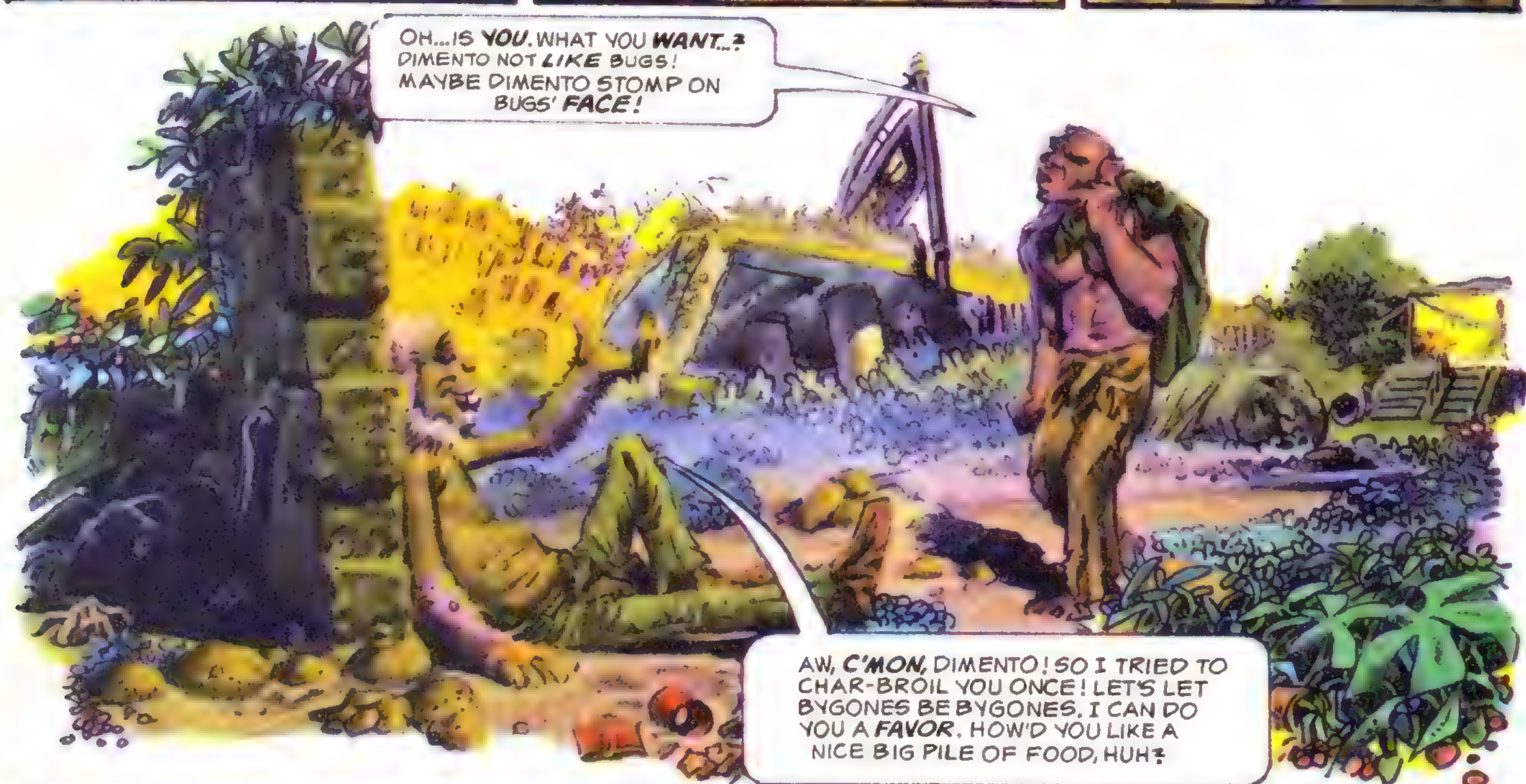
YOU HIDE HERE. I'LL
HANDLE THE
WHOLE
THING.



DIMENTO...
YOO-HOO, DIMENTO,
MY FRIEND...!



HUH?



OH...IS YOU. WHAT YOU WANT...?
DIMENTO NOT LIKE BUGS!
MAYBE DIMENTO STOMP ON
BUGS' FACE!

AW, C'MON, DIMENTO! SO I TRIED TO
CHAR-BROIL YOU ONCE! LET'S LET
BYGONES BE BYGONES. I CAN DO
YOU A FAVOR. HOW'D YOU LIKE A
NICE BIG PILE OF FOOD, HUH?



FOOD? HA!
DIMENTO GOT FOOD.

SO I SEE! BUT IT LOOKS
LIKE YOUR FOOD'S
ALMOST GONE! I KNOW
WHERE THERE'S LOTS
MORE!

YEAH? WHY YOU TELL
DIMENTO?
WHAT BUGS HAVE
UP SLEEVE?



IT'S LIKE THIS, M'FRIEND...! I'VE GOT
THIS HERE SPRAINED FOOT, AND I
CAN'T GO GET THE STUFF MYSELF.
BUT IF I WAS TO TELL WHERE IT IS,
YOU COULD BRING IT BACK AND WE
COULD SPLIT IT!

WHATTAYA
SAY, OL' PAL?



HMM! MAYBE DIMENTO BE SNEAKY
AND KEEP ALL FOOD HIM FIND!

OKAY...! IS
DEAL WHERE
FOOD?

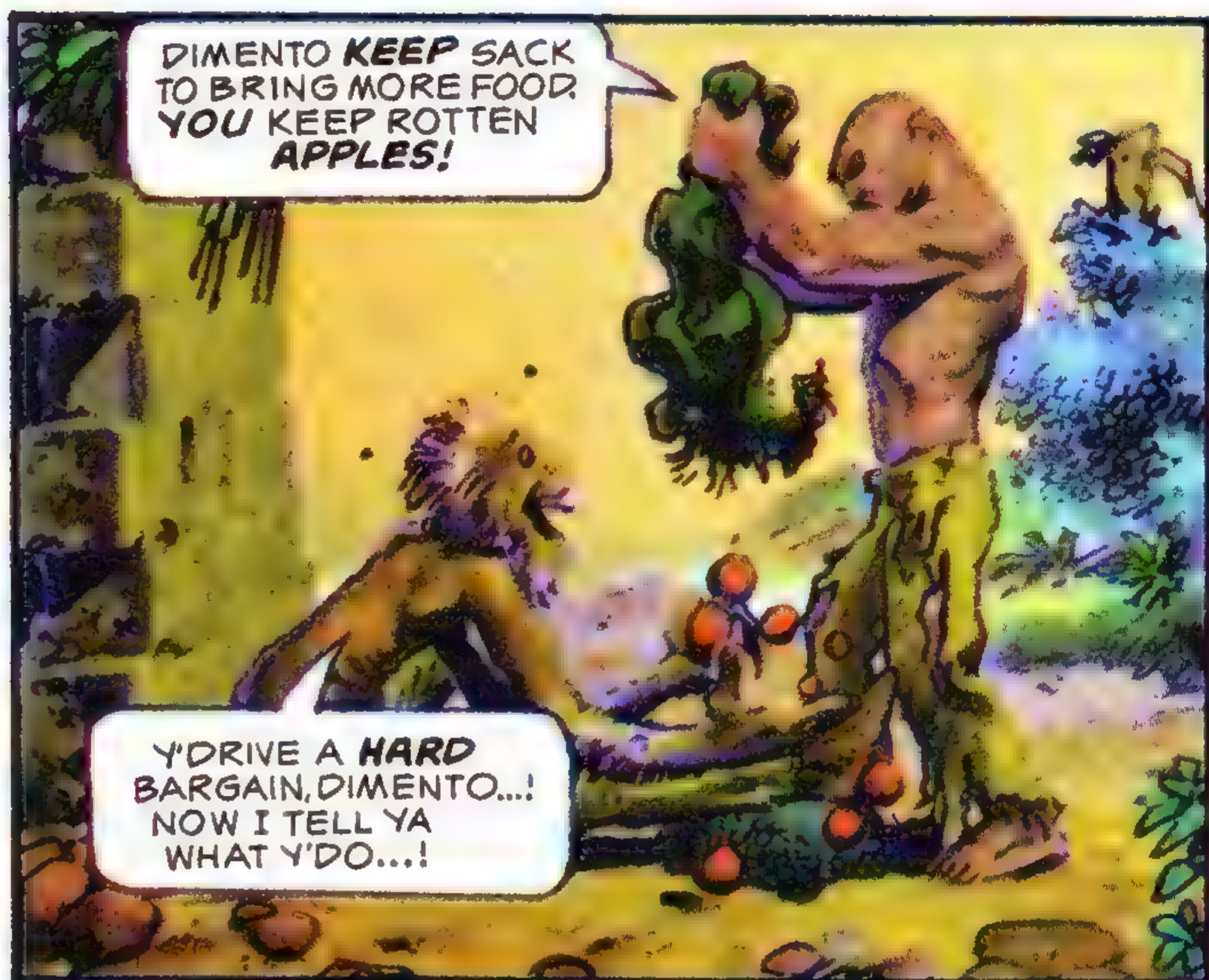
NOT SO **FAST!** HOW DO
I KNOW YOU WON'T
JUST **TAKE** THE FOOD
AND **RUN OUT** ON
ME?



LOOK AT
DIMENTO **FACE!**
AM THIS NOT
FACE OF **HONEST**
MAN?



WELL... I **DUNNO!** I'D FEEL
BETTER IF YOU WERE TO
LEAVE SOMETHING BEHIND
AS A GESTURE OF FAITH.
LET'S SEE, NOW...! HOW
ABOUT THAT **SACK?**



DIMENTO **KEEP** SACK
TO BRING MORE FOOD
YOU KEEP **ROTTEN**
APPLES!

Y'DRIVE A **HARD**
BARGAIN, DIMENTO...!
NOW I TELL YA
WHAT Y'DO...!



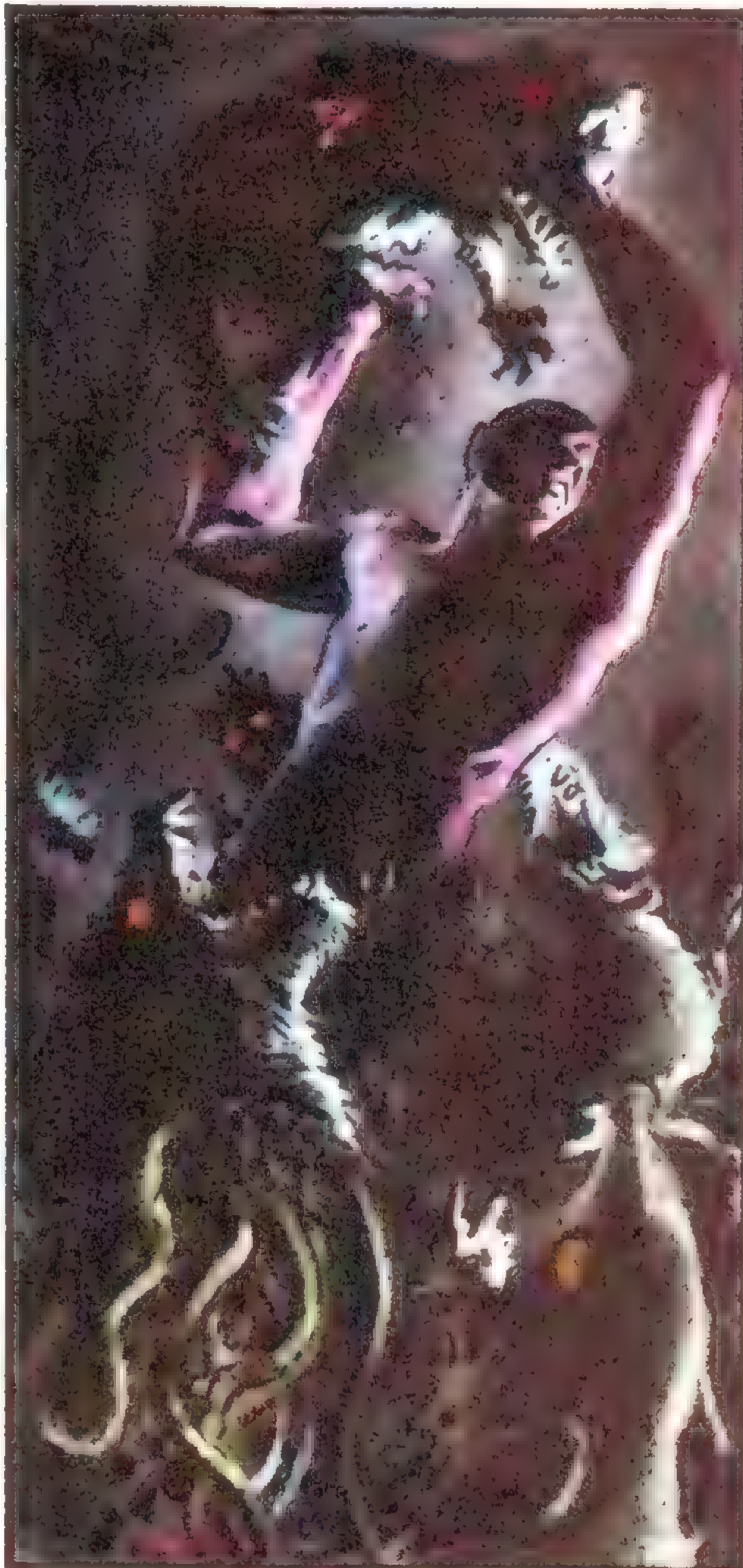
WHY DON'T WE JUST TAKE
THAT PILE OF FOOD **OUR-**
SELVES? WHY SPLIT IT
WITH **THAT** BIG APE, HUH,
BUGS! TELL ME...
TELL ME!

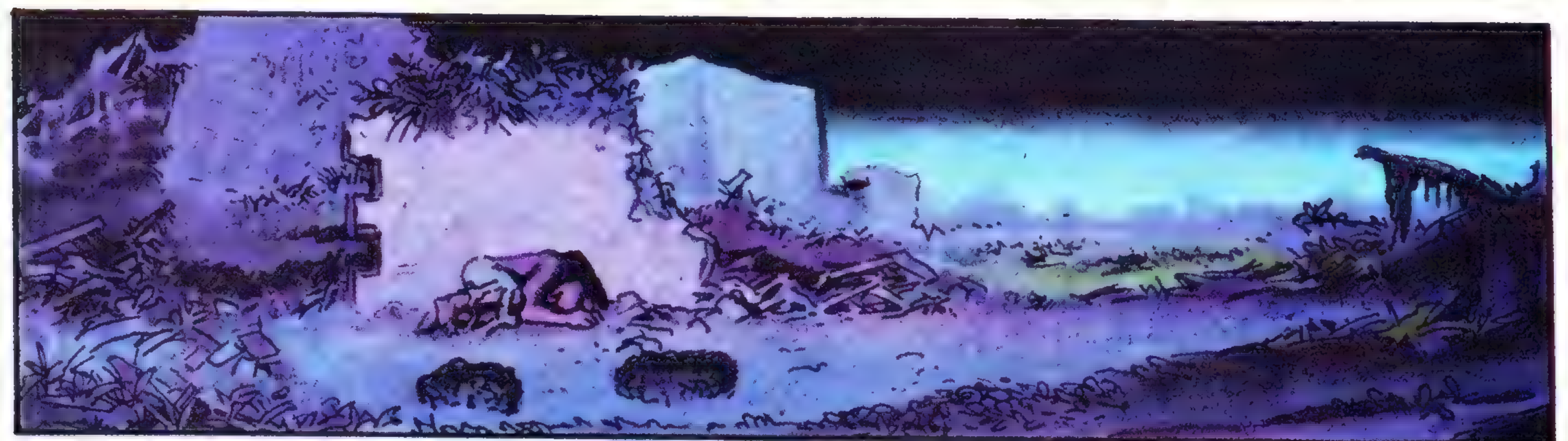
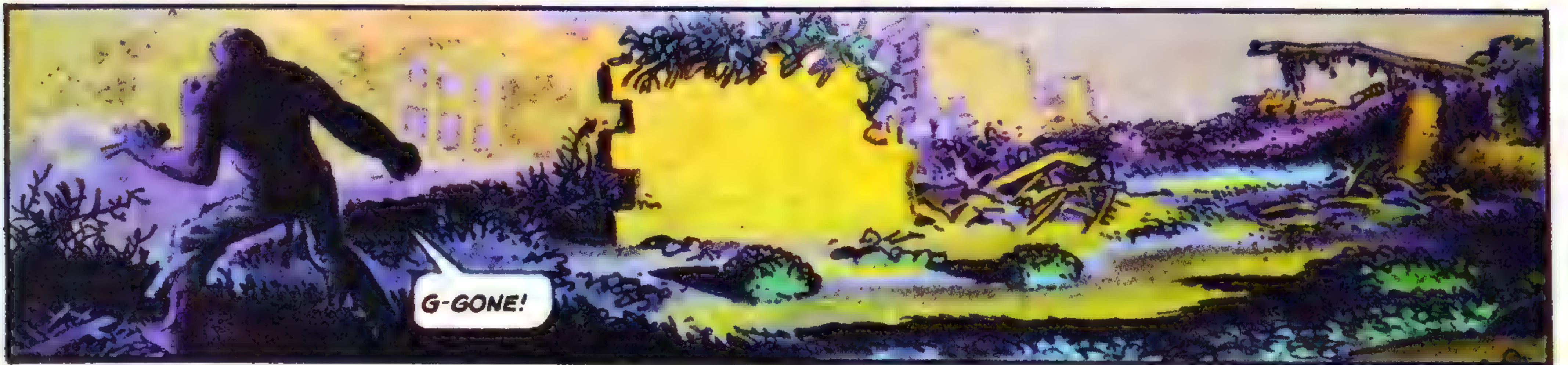


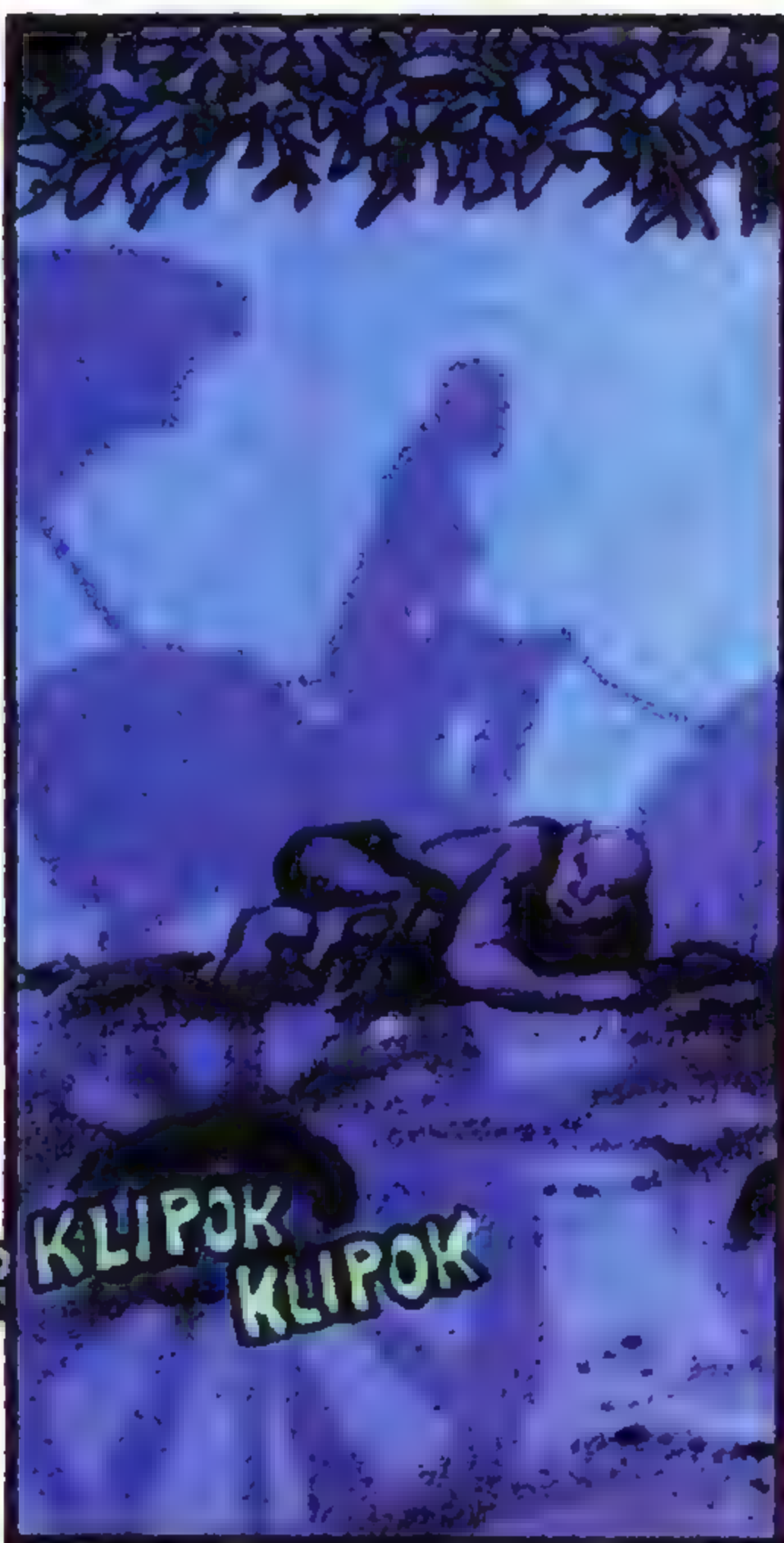
CREEPER, YOU DOPE!
THERE **IS** NO FOOD...
EXCEPT WHAT WE'VE
GOT RIGHT **HERE!**

AHHHHH! FOOD! HEH!
HEH!; **DROOL!**; BUGS...
YOU ONE **SMART** FELLOW!









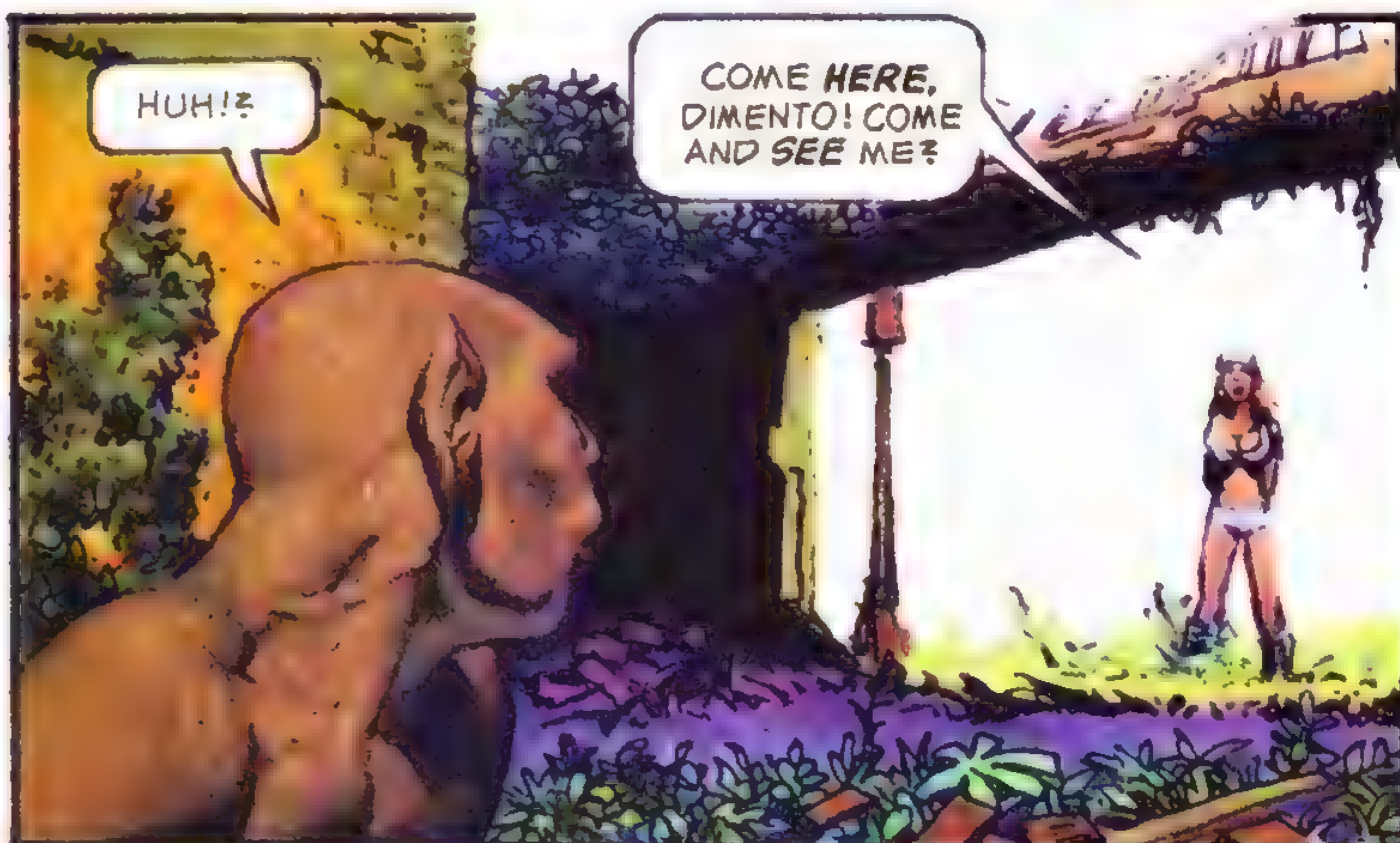


OH,
NO!



DIMENTO'S ONLY
FRIEND...! AND
SHE... SHE
AM DEAD!

DIMENTO!
HERE I AM!
OVER HERE!



HUH!?

COME HERE,
DIMENTO! COME
AND SEE ME?

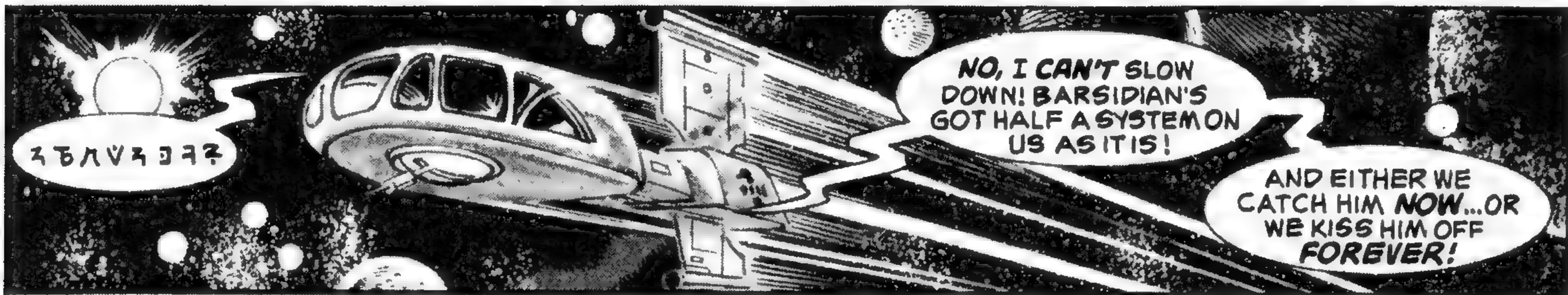
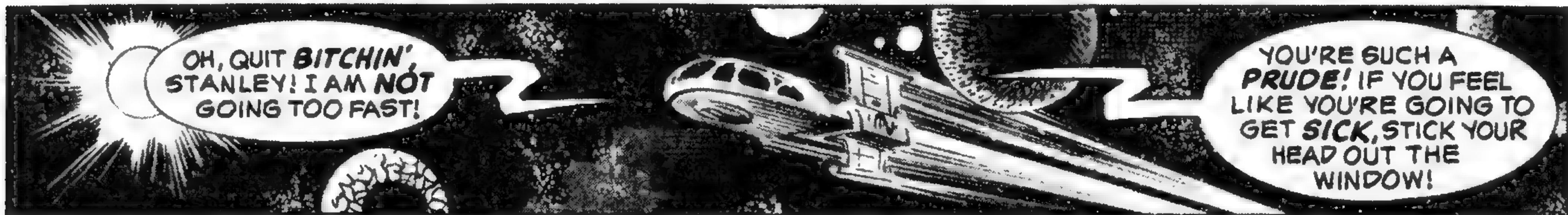
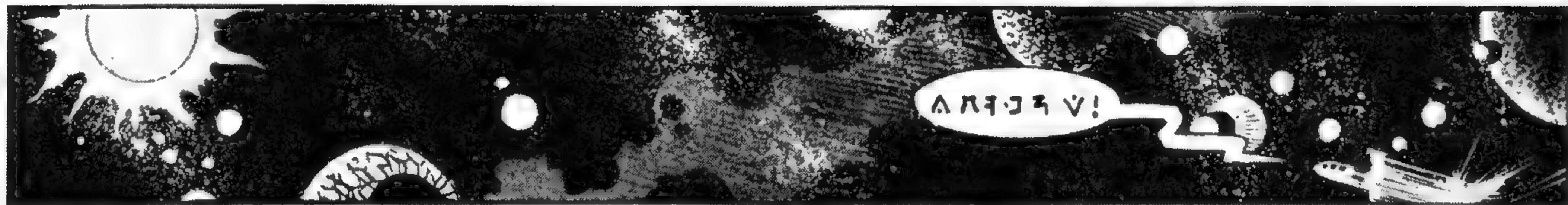


OH, DIMENTO SO HAPPY!
DIMENTO'S FRIEND AM STILL
ALIVE! MAYBE SHE BE NICE
TO DIMENTO... LIKE IN DREAM!



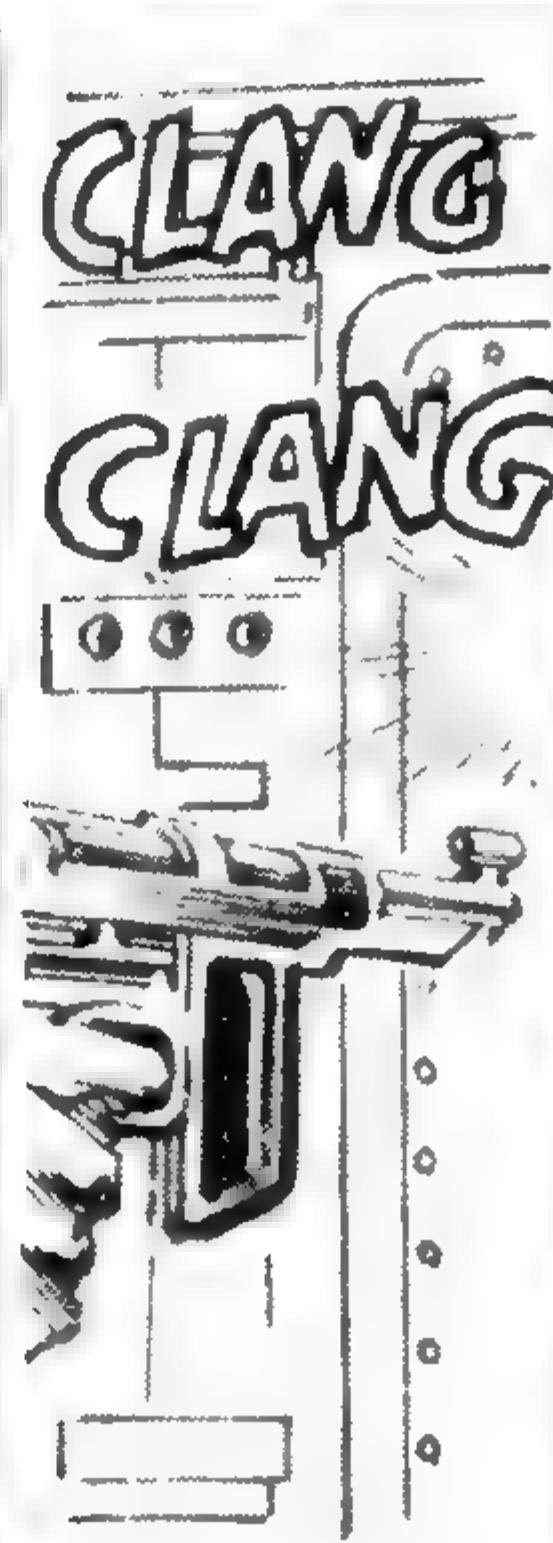
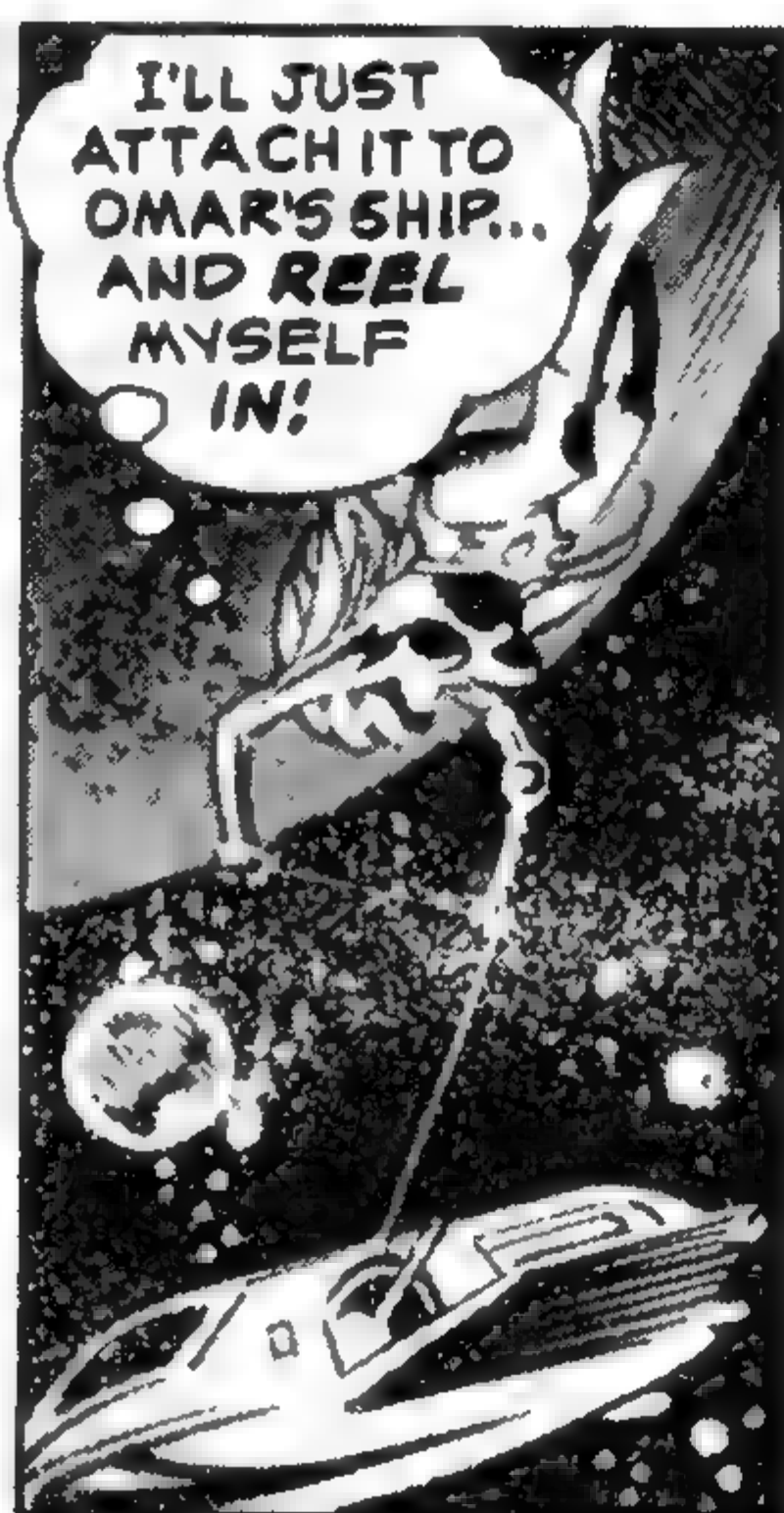
COME ON,
DIMENTO! I'M
WAITING FOR
YOU! I HAVE A
BIG SURPRISE...

NEXT ISSUE: THE BIG SURPRISE! SIXTEEN PAGES OF ALL NEW FULL-COLOR CORBIN CLASHES!



**BRING ME THE HEAD
OF OMAR BARSIDIAN!**









AH! HOME AT LAST,
MY LOVE! **ORGASTY...** THE
CITY OF UNBRIDLED **PASSION...**
HAVEN OF THE
BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE!

DOESN'T LOOK LIKE
MUCH FROM UP HERE, BUT
BOY, WHEN THEY **ROMP...**
DOES THAT OL' TOWN
SMOLDER!

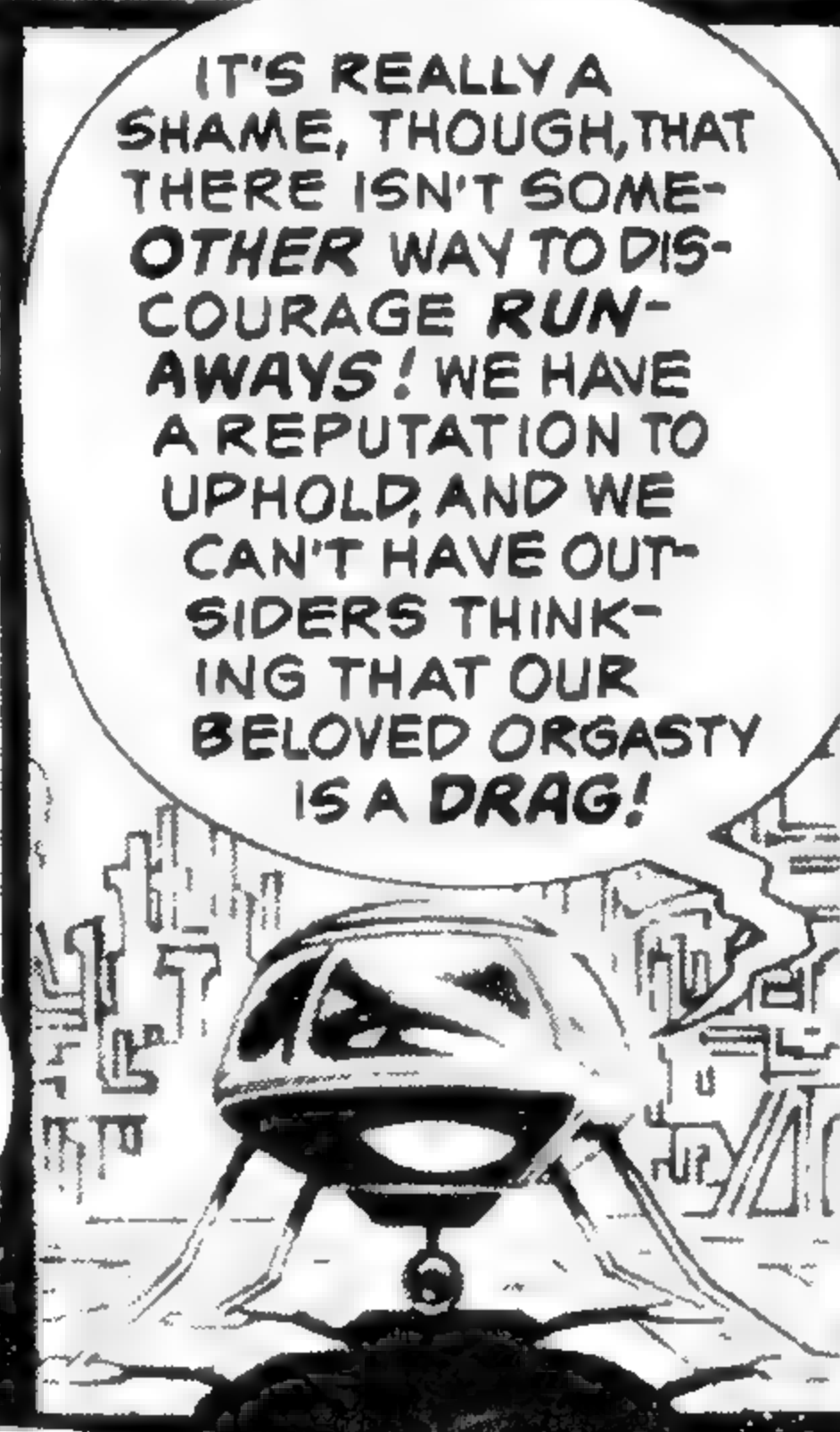
ΛΞΞ.ΛΛΞ!



YES, I GUESS
WE'D BETTER GET
ON DOWN AND **REPORT**
TO TURN-**TAIL**
CENTRAL!



THEY'LL WANT
TO **STUFF** OMAR'S
HEAD AND PUT IT
ON DISPLAY IN
THE DEFECTOR'S
GALLERY!



IT'S REALLY A
SHAME, THOUGH, THAT
THERE ISN'T SOME-
OTHER WAY TO DIS-
COURAGE **RUN-**
AWAYS! WE HAVE
A REPUTATION TO
UPHOLD, AND WE
CAN'T HAVE OUT-
SIDERS THINK-
ING THAT OUR
BELOVED **ORGASTY**
IS A **DRAG!**



HEY, STAN,
LOOKY THERE!
IT'S **BIG**
EDDIE!

ED, M'MAN...
HOW'S IT GOIN'?
HEY, WHAT'S ON
FOR T'NIGHT?



ΞΛΞ ΔΛΛΞ!

FAR OUT, GUY!
AND IT'S ALREADY
STARTED, HUH?

GOSHAROONIE!
ME AN' STAN WOULDN'T
MISS IT FOR THE WORLD!

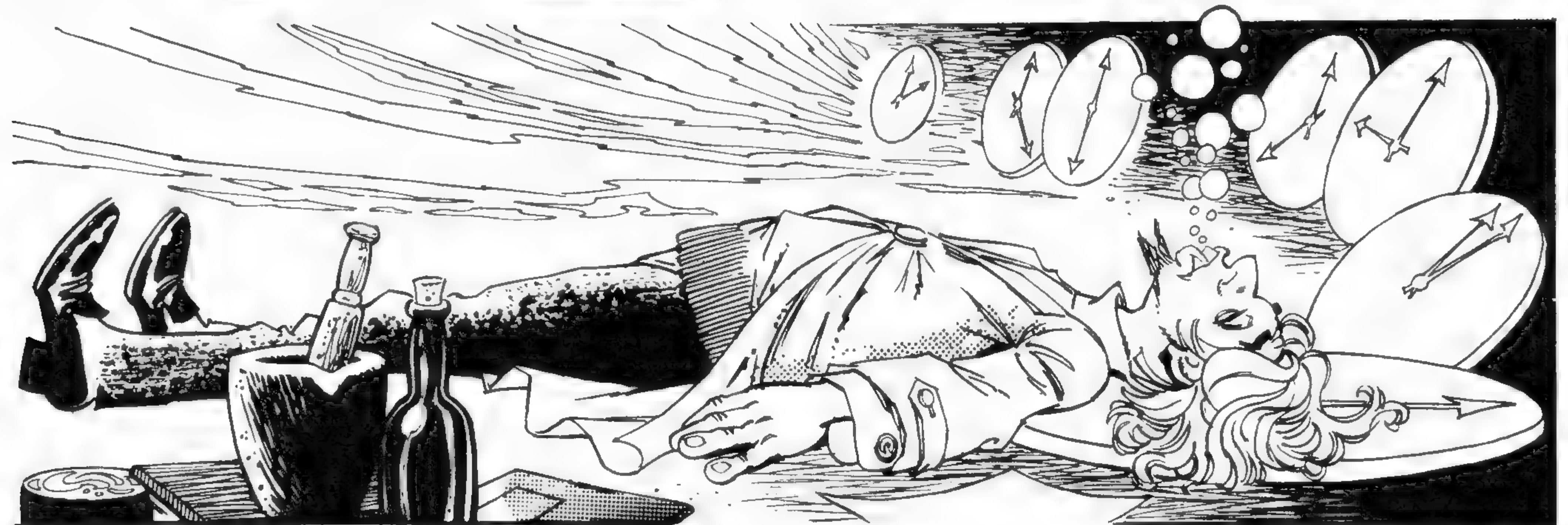
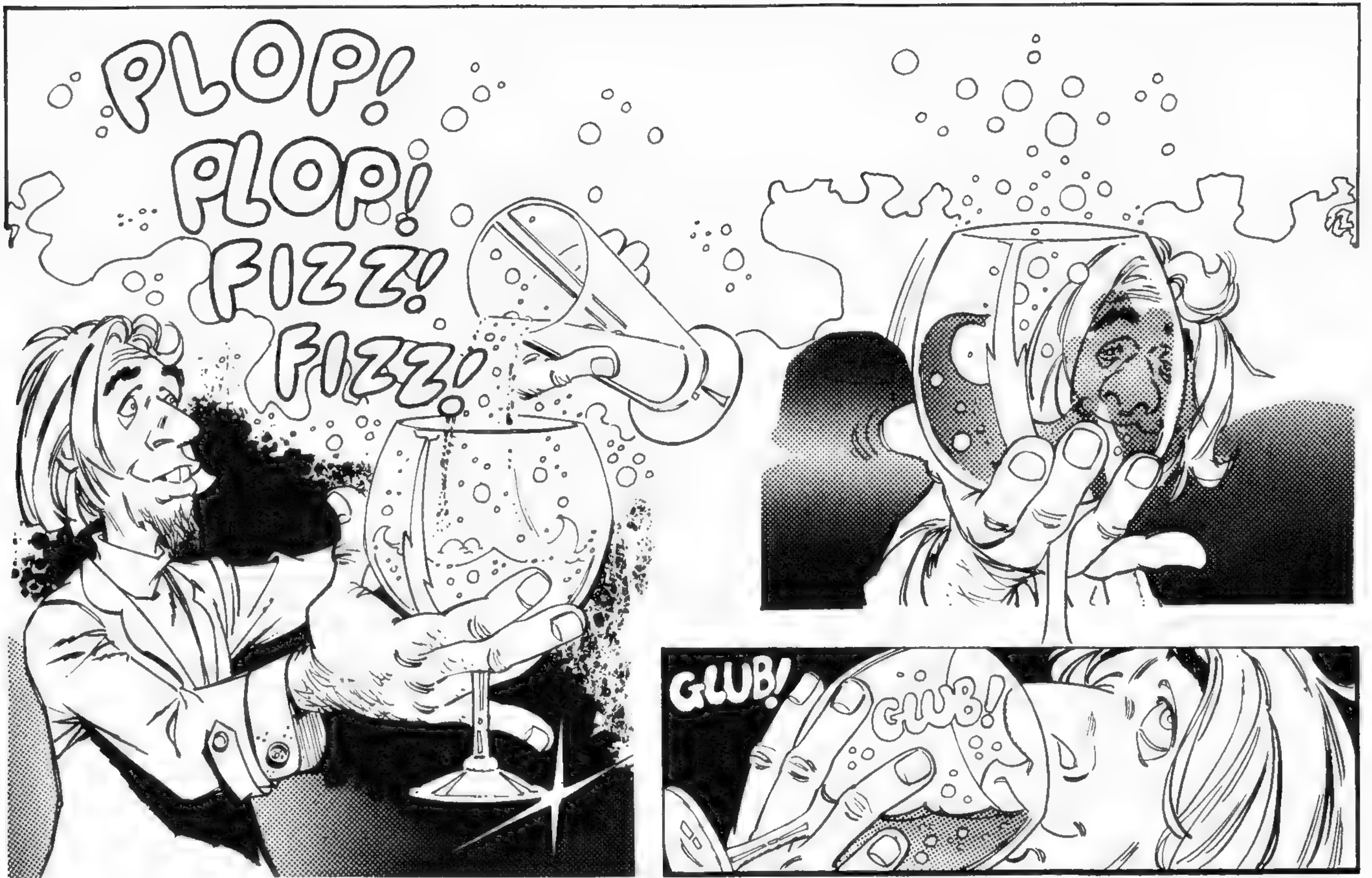


I JUST DON'T
UNDERSTAND, STANLEY...
WHY ANYONE WOULD
WANT TO GIVE ALL
THIS UP!

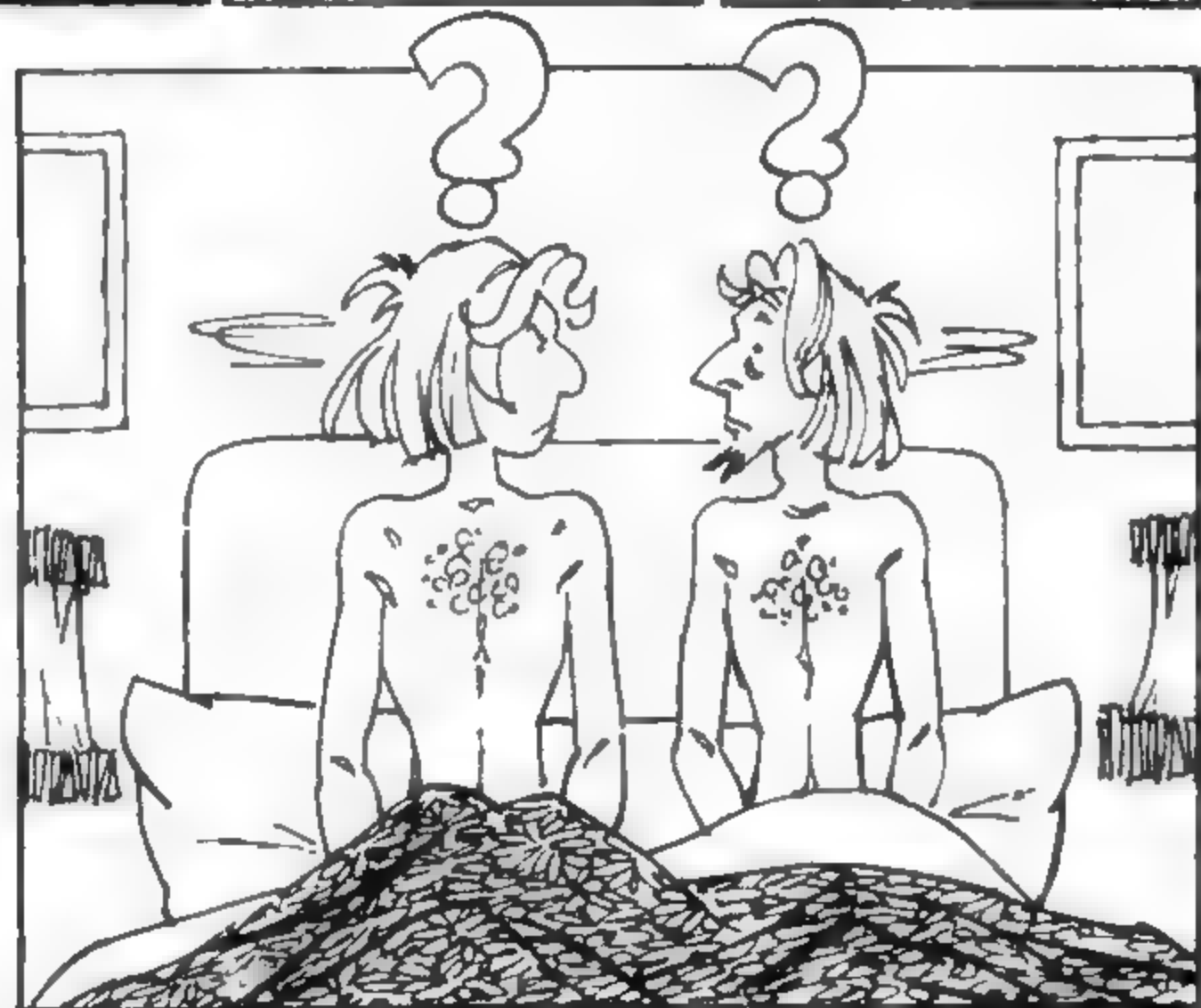
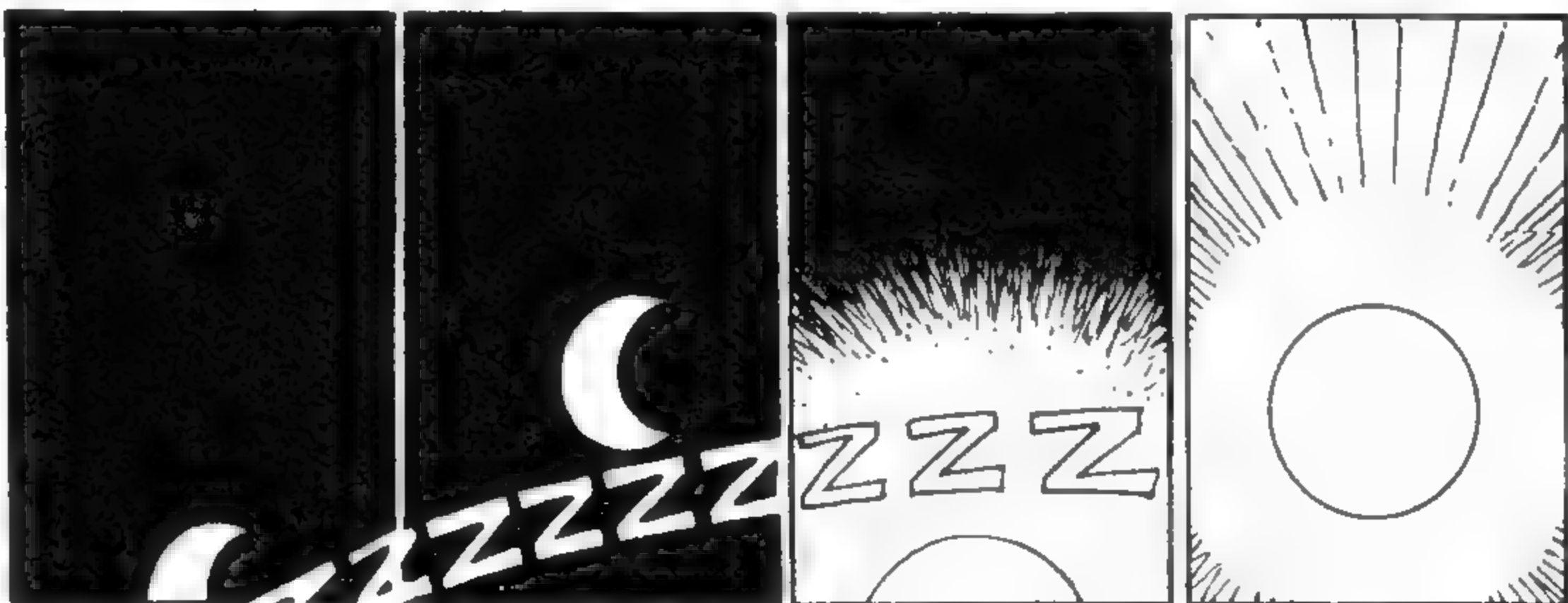
BOY, YOU
JUST SAID A **MOUTH-**
FUL!

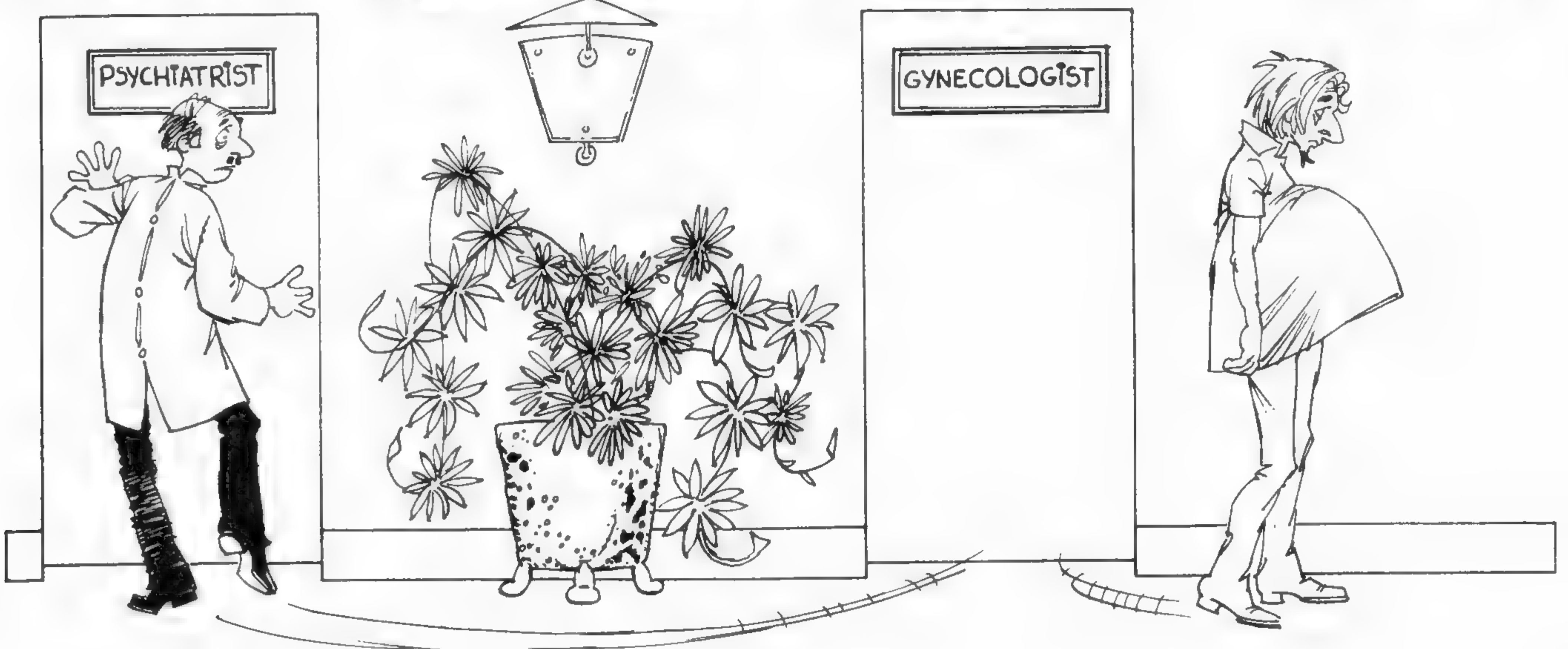
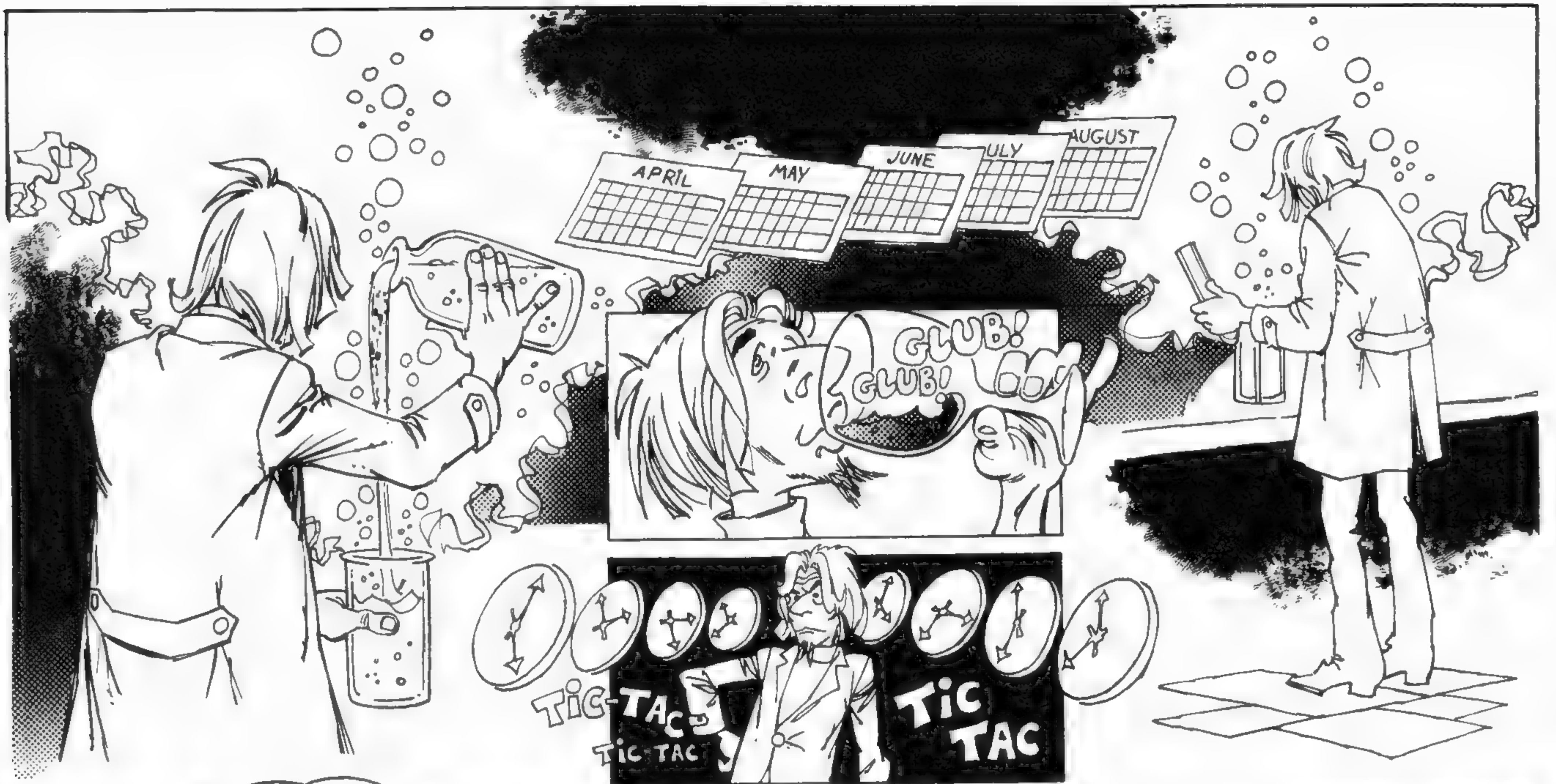
The STRANGE ADVENTURE of DOCTOR JERKYLL!











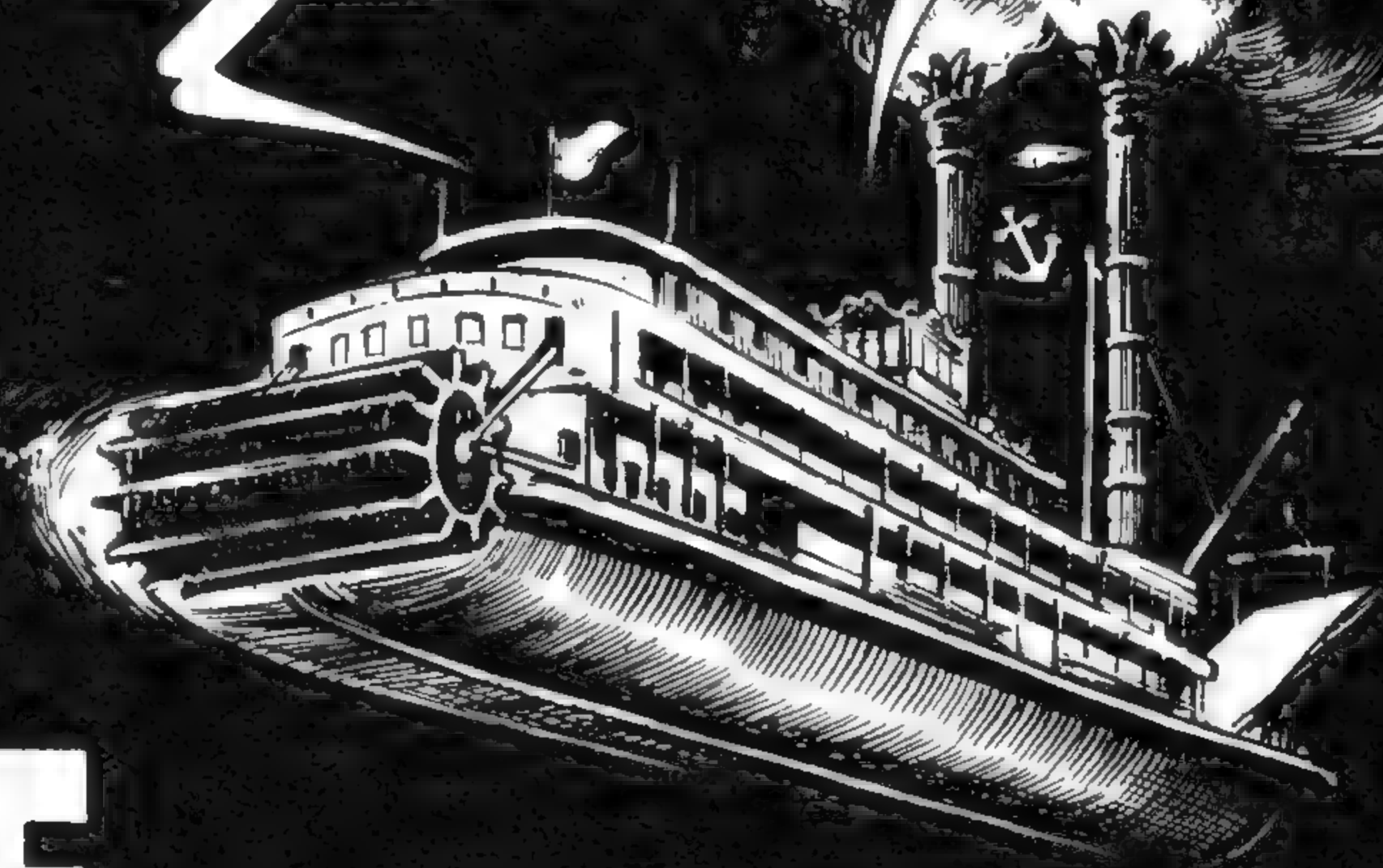


AVAST,
YE LANDLUBBIN'
SLIME!

CAPTAIN!
SIR! THERE'S A
SHIP HAILING US FROM
ASTERN!

GAAAAAAA!
THAT'S NO SHIP, YOU
BLITHERING IDIOT. THAT'S
THE LACE
DREADNAUGHT..

...THE PIRATE
CRUISER THAT'S BEEN
PLUNDERING THE PLEASURE
VESSELS OF
FRONTIER SPACE!



SCOURGE of all DISNEYSPACE





UP AGAINST THE WALL, Y'SLUSH-MINDED, CORPORATE-OWNED DEGENERATES!

YOUR **ASSES** AND YOUR **VALUABLES** ARE OURS!

AKKKK!
IT...IT'S A REAMIN' HOLDUP!

PIRACY IS WHAT IT IS! THEY'RE BLEEDIN' SEXIST CORSAIRS!



HERE! HERE!
WHAT IS THE **MEANING** OF THIS OUTRAGE?

MY GOOD WOMEN...DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOU ARE? YOU'RE VIOLATING THE SERENE SANCTITY OF **DISNEYSPACE**! IS **NOTHING** SACRED?

BIG DEAL! SO **THIS** IS AN AMUSEMENT PARK! IT'S **STILL** OWNED AND OPERATED BY THE POWER-HUNGRY TYRANNICAL CONGLOMERATES THAT RULE THE GALAXY!

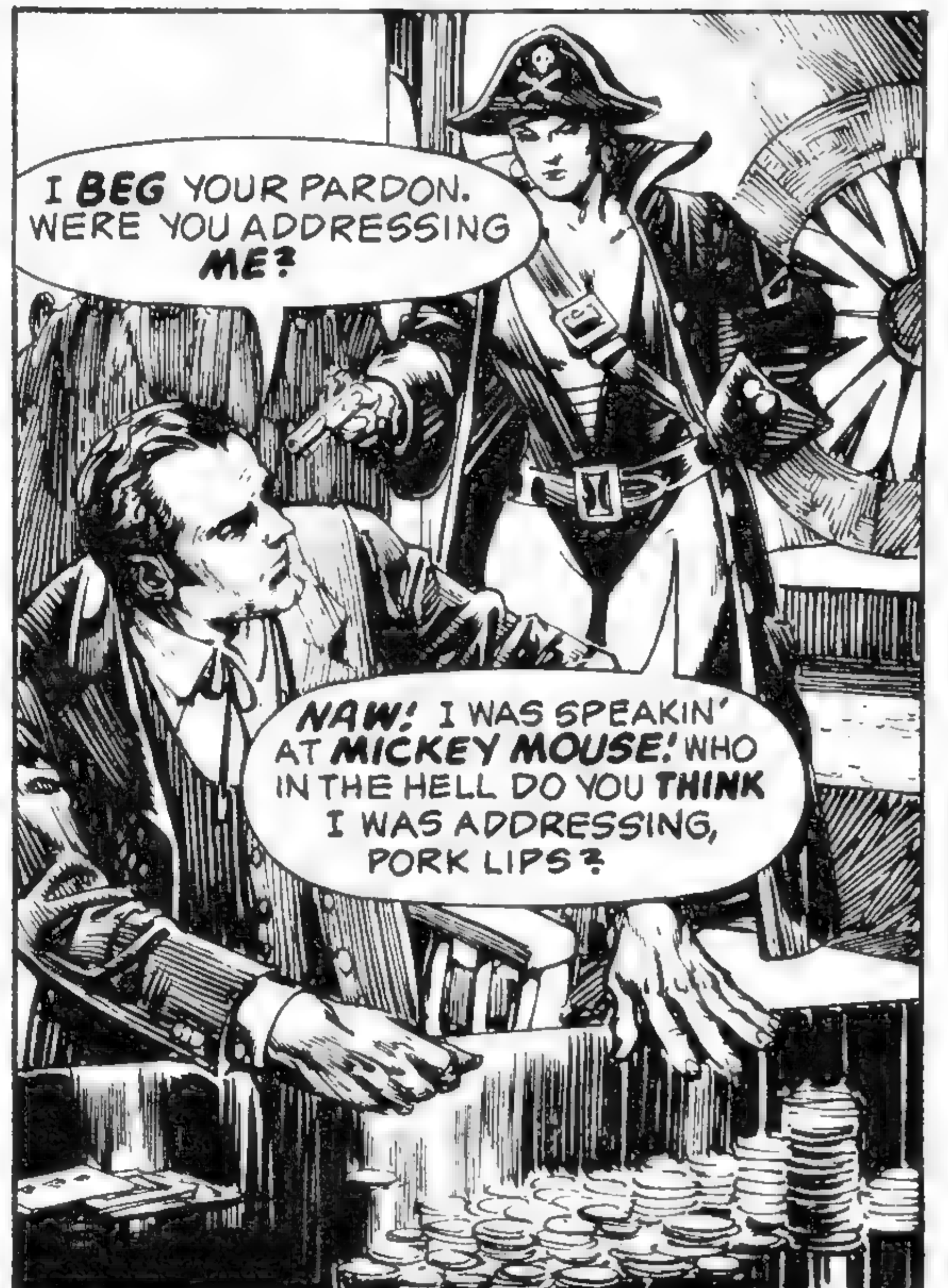
AND THAT MAKES IT **FAIR PREY** FOR PLUNDERING BY THE FORCES OF **MOTHERS' LIB**!



YOU! MAYBE YOU DIDN'T HEAR WHAT WE **SAID**, MATEY!



SHUFFLE YOUR DEAD **ASS** OVER TO THAT WALL!



I **BEG** YOUR PARDON. WERE YOU ADDRESSING **ME**?

NAW! I WAS SPEAKIN' AT **MICKEY MOUSE**! WHO IN THE HELL DO YOU **THINK** I WAS ADDRESSING, PORK LIPS?



AND
HOW
MAY I
BE OF
SERVICE
TO YOU,
MY
GOOD
WOMAN?

BY HANDING OVER
YOUR **RICHES** SO THAT WE
MAY BETTER FINANCE THE
WAR TO FREE THE OPPRESS-
ED MATERNAL SLAVES, EX-
PLOITED BY THE RULING
CORPORATIONS TO MANU-
FACTURE THE HUMAN
PROGENY OF THE
GALAXY!

AH, YES...! YOU
MUST BE ONE OF THE DIS-
ILLUSIONED CHILD-BEARERS
FROM THE GALACTIC IN-
SEMINATION CENTERS OF
THE AMERICAS. I'VE
HEARD ABOUT YOU.



ONE OF THE
EX **BABY**
MACHINES
YOU MEAN
FORCED TO
CHURN OUT
OFFSPRING
FOR THE
STERILE
MASSSES!

BUT THEY
AIN'T STICKIN'
THOSE LOUSY
INSEMINATION
NEEDLES IN
ME NO MORE,
BUDDY!



MYSELF AND MY
COMPANIONS **REFUSE** TO
REMAIN BLOATED PIGMEAT FOR
THE BUREAUCRATIC CONGLOMER-
ATES, WHO THROUGH THEIR
GREED, HAVE RENDERED THE
COLONIZED WORLDS
IMPOTENT!



I **SYMPATHIZE**
WITH YOU'RE CAUSE,
MADAME, AND WOULD
GLADLY SUPPORT
YOU IN ANY MANNER
POSSIBLE.

ALAS, THE
THIEVING
CORPORATE
MENDICANTS
AND THEIR ONE-
SIDED GAMES
OF CHANCE
HAVE STRIPPED
ME OF ALL
FISCAL
REMUNERATION.

THAT REMAINS
TO BE **SEEN**, MY
SILVER-TONGUED
FRIEND. **DROP**
YOUR DRAWERS,
AND LET ME
SEE THAT BIG
FAT **MONEY-**
BELT YOUR
HIDING!



TRULY, THIS IS
UNNECESSARY.

I HAVE
NO HIDDEN
FINANCIAL
RESERVES.



AHA! JUST
AS I **THOUGHT!** SO
YOU HAVE NO
MONEYBELT, EH...?



THEN EXACTLY WHAT IS THAT?

REGRETTABLY, GOOD WOMAN, IT IS AN APPALLING PHYSICAL **DEFORMITY**. IT MAY LOOK AS THOUGH IT WERE A CONTAINER FOR NICKELS AND DIMES...

...YET, IT IS BUT A USELESS **APPENDAGE** WITH WHICH I HAVE BEEN **STIGMATIZED** SINCE BIRTH.



GOSH! IT... IT'S SO HUGE!

YOU DON'T THINK--?

NOW! IT COULDN'T BE ONE OF THOSE LONG-LOST LEGENDARY ARTIFACTS OF WHICH WE HAVE HEARD SO MUCH!

Y-YOU MEAN THOSE DEVICES WHICH THE HISTORY BOOKS CLAIM MEN WERE ENDOWED **BEFORE** THE GREAT CORPORATE STERILIZATION WARS?

IMPOSSIBLE!



TELL ME! THIS APPENDAGE...! DOES IT HAVE A **FUNCTION**?

ON OCCASSION IT HAS BEEN OF GREAT **NUISANCE** TO ME.

OF COURSE, IF YOUR CURIOSITY DICTATES, PERHAPS WE CAN ARRANGE A CONTROLLED SCIENTIFIC **DEMONSTRATION**...!



THROUGH THE YEARS I'VE LEARNED THAT THESE EXHIBITIONS ARE FAR MORE **SUCCESSFUL** WHEN BOTH PARTIES ARE UNENCUMBERED BY UNNECESSARY **GARMENTS**.

THIS HAD BETTER NOT BE A DEPRAVED CORPORATE TRICK TO **DISARM** ME!



DISARM YOU...? MY GOOD WOMAN... I AM A **GENTLEMAN**! I WOULDN'T **THINK** OF INDULGING IN SO TREACHEROUS A DEED.

AGHHHHHLL! WHA... WHAT HAVE YOU **DONE**? YOU... YOU'VE JUST **IMPALED** ME!



THIS IS SIMPLY THE CONTROLLED IMPERSONAL **DEMONSTRATION** YOU'VE REQUESTED.

AGHHHHH!





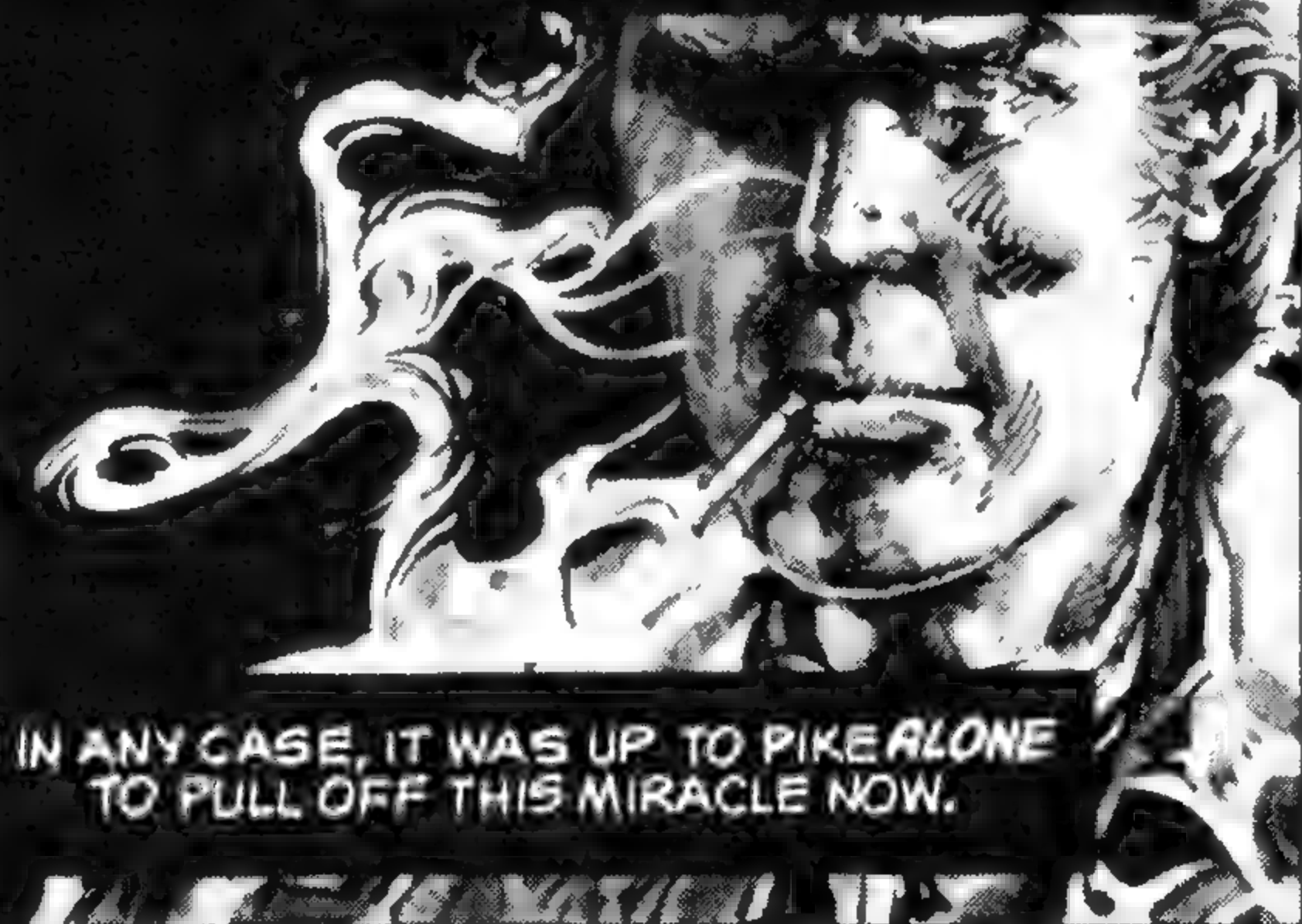
HIS SECRET MASTERS, THE **WAR-MAKERS**, HAD SUPPOSED HE WAS ALREADY DEAD. HE WANTED DESPERATELY TO CONTACT THEM, TO LET THEM KNOW HE WAS ALIVE AND WAS PUSHING AHEAD WITH HIS MISSION, BUT IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE.

THE **ENEMY** WAS HOT ON HIS HEELS, AND ONLY HIS WITS, AND A SHITLOAD OF **LUCK**, HAD GOTTEN PIKE THIS FAR: TO A NINTH FLOOR HOTEL ROOM IN SAVANNAH, GEORGIA. YET, THIS IS WHERE PIKE HAD TO BE.

COMMFU

* COMPLETE MONUMENTAL MILITARY FUCK-UP.

OF THE 12 ORIGINAL **SUBNORMS**, PIKE ALONE WAS LEFT. THE ELEVEN OTHERS, HIS BROTHERS, WITH WHOM HE HAD TRAINED FOR SO LONG FOR THIS MISSION, ALL WERE DEAD. OR WORSE THAN DEAD. HE DID NOT KNOW WHICH.



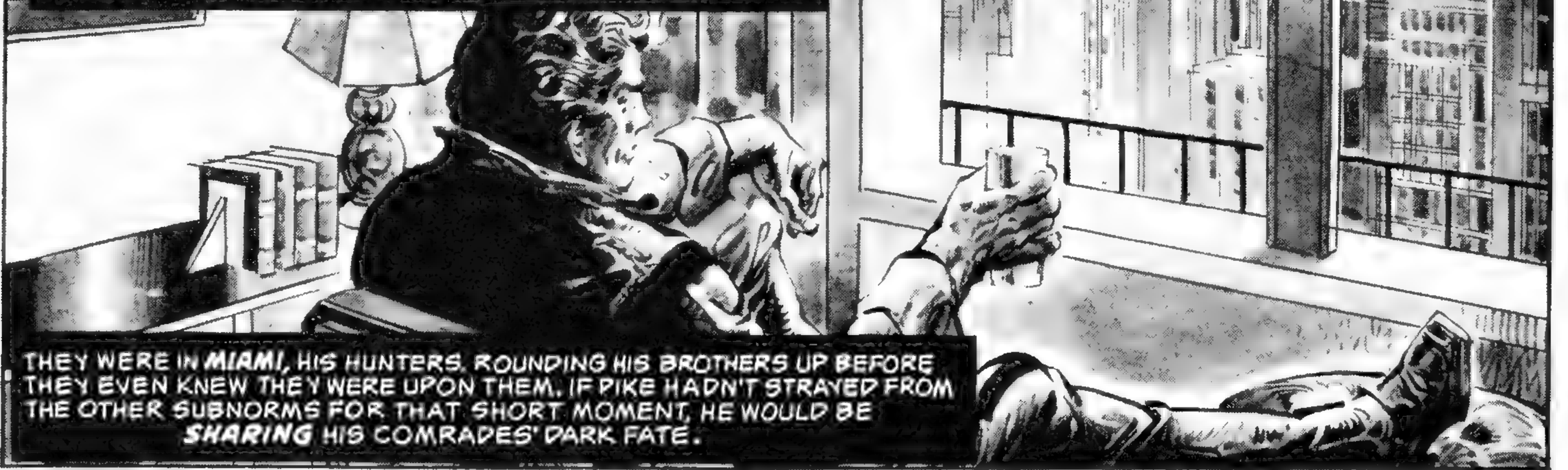
IN ANY CASE, IT WAS UP TO PIKE ALONE TO PULL OFF THIS MIRACLE NOW.

WORST OF IT WAS, PIKE WAS NOT ALL THAT CLEAR AS TO WHAT HIS MISSION WAS **ABOUT**. THE **SUBNORMS** ACTED AS A **UNIT**, AND CERTAIN KEY PARTS OF THE MISSION WERE, FOR PURPOSES OF SECURITY, NOT **REVEALED** TO HIM. WITHOUT THE **OTHERS**, PIKE WAS HELPESSLY ADRIFT IN ENEMY TERRITORY.



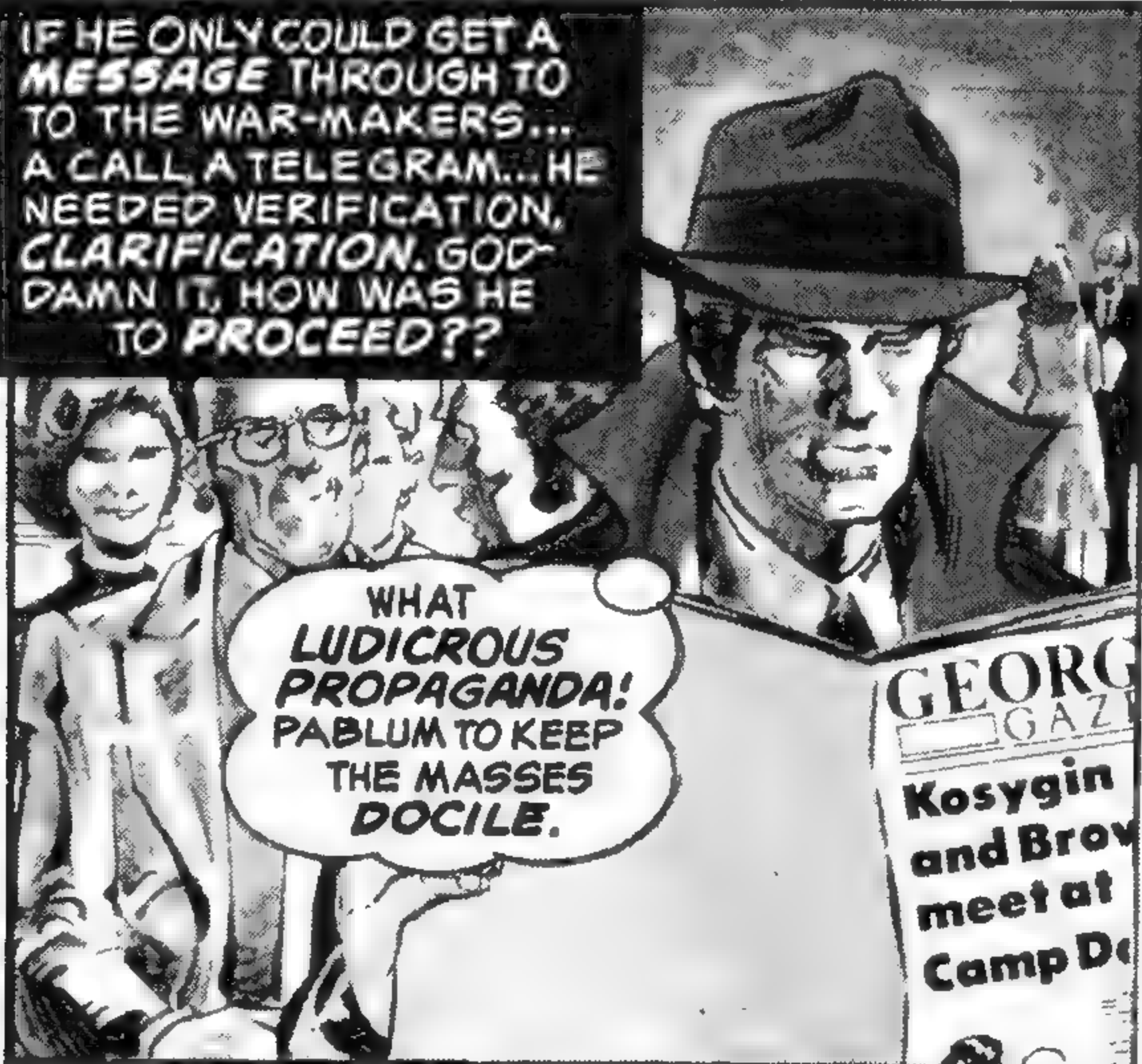
IT WOULD BE **FUNNY**, IF IT WEREN'T SO TRAGICALLY **IMPORTANT**.

PIKE FELL HEAVILY INTO THE CHAIR, PLAYING IT OVER IN HIS MIND. SOMEBODY **SCREWED UP**. SOMEBODY LET THE ENEMY GET THEIR CLAWS ON THE **SUBNORM MISSION FILE**. AND NOW HIS MISSION... HIS **LIFE**, WERE IN JEOPARDY.



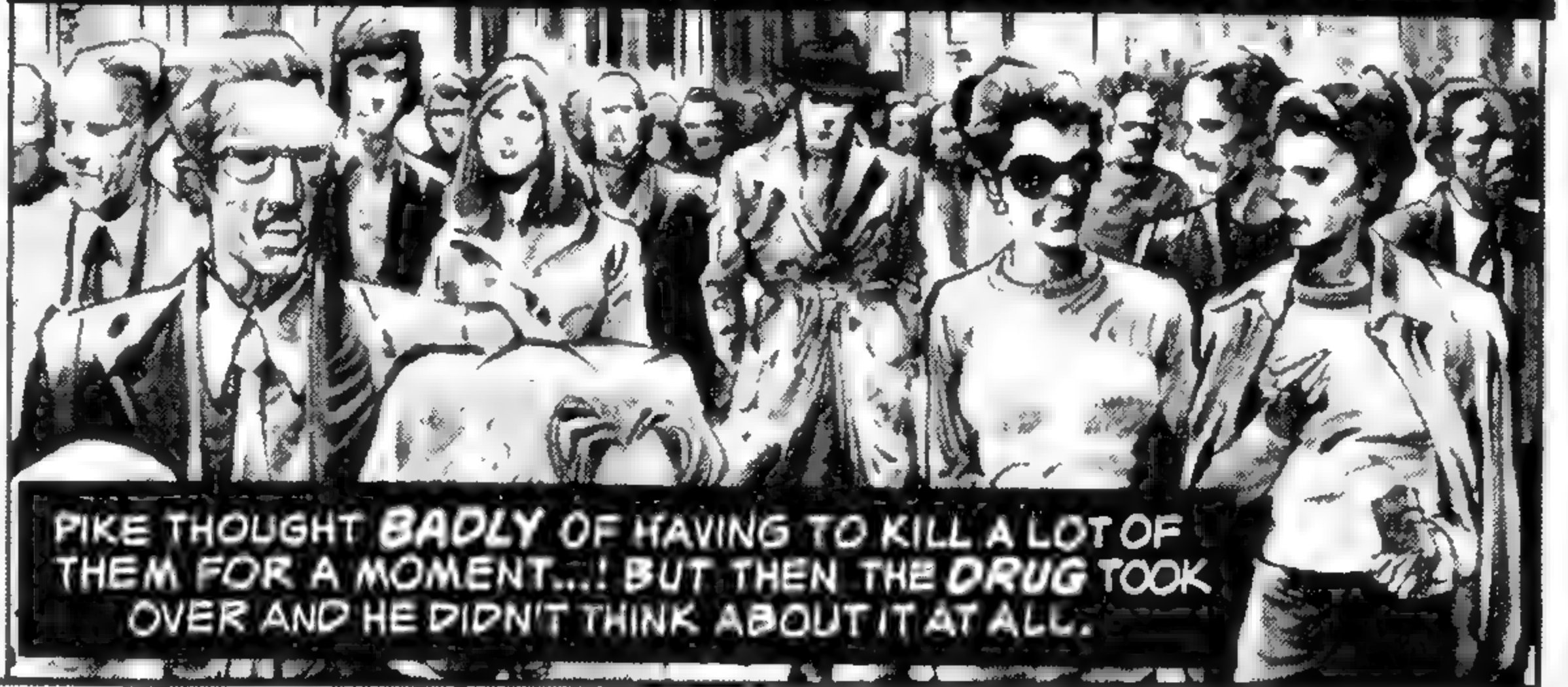
THEY WERE IN **MIAMI**, HIS HUNTERS, ROUNDING HIS BROTHERS UP BEFORE THEY EVEN KNEW THEY WERE UPON THEM. IF PIKE HADN'T STRAYED FROM THE OTHER SUBNORMS FOR THAT SHORT MOMENT, HE WOULD BE **SHARING** HIS COMRADES' DARK FATE.

IF HE ONLY COULD GET A **MESSAGE** THROUGH TO THE WAR-MAKERS... A CALL, A TELEGRAM... HE NEEDED VERIFICATION, **CLARIFICATION**. GOD-DAMN IT, HOW WAS HE TO **PROCEED??**



WHAT **LUDICROUS PROPAGANDA!** PABLUM TO KEEP THE MASSES **DOCILE**.

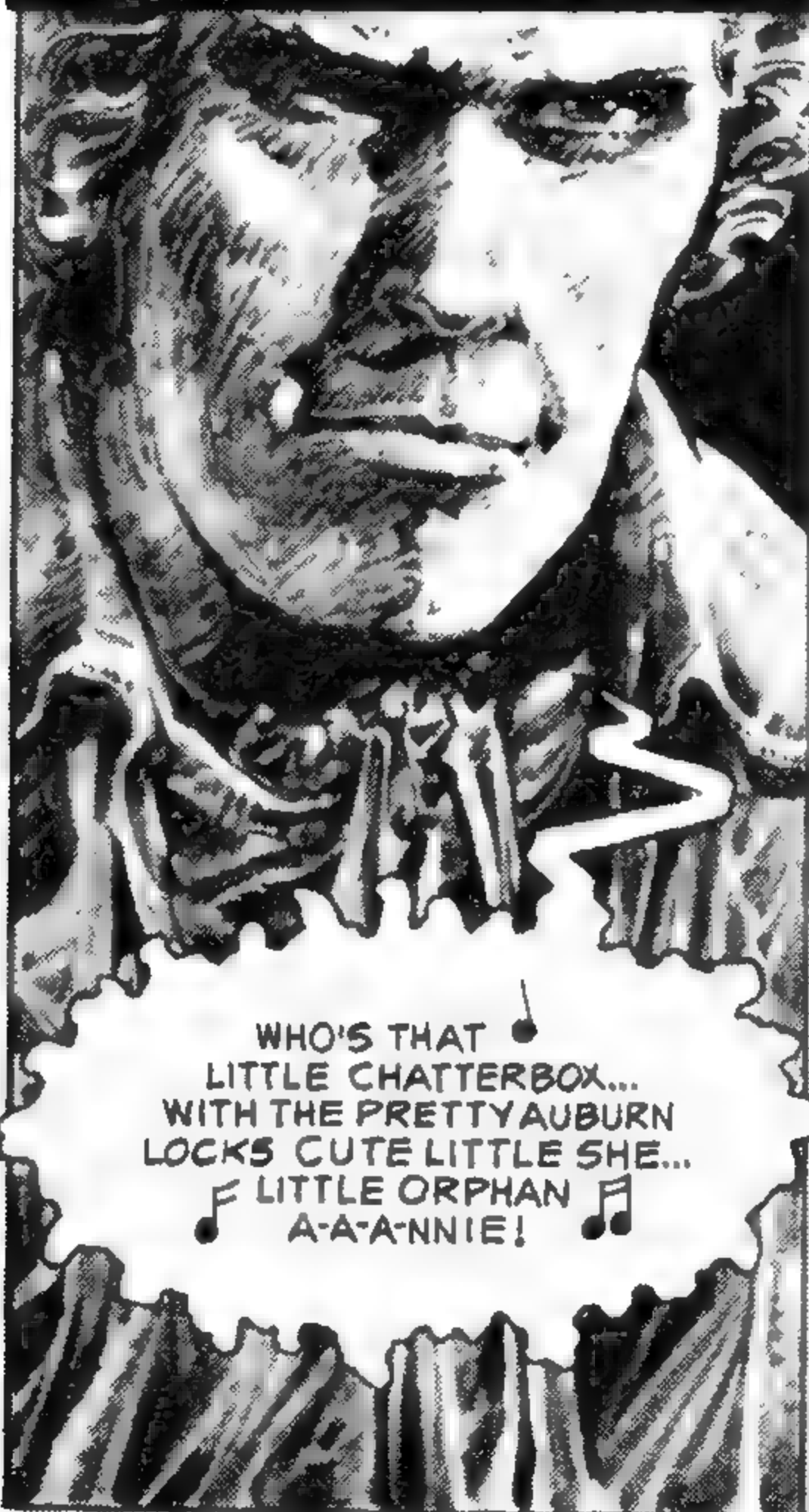
AS PIKE WAS PULLED ALONG WITH THE CURRENTS OF THE STREET, HE MARVELED AT THE PEOPLE HE SAW. SO **CASUAL**, HE THOUGHT, SO BLITHELY **UNCONCERNED**. THE SHIFTLESS BASTARDS WHO HAD THEM UNDER THEIR COLLECTIVE THUMB WERE STEALING THEM BLIND! STEALING THEIR WAGES WITH MONUMENTAL TAXES... STEALING THEIR FREEDOMS...! AND **STILL** THEY WERE ABLE TO MOVE ABOUT AS THOUGH THEIR LIVES HAD **WORTH**.



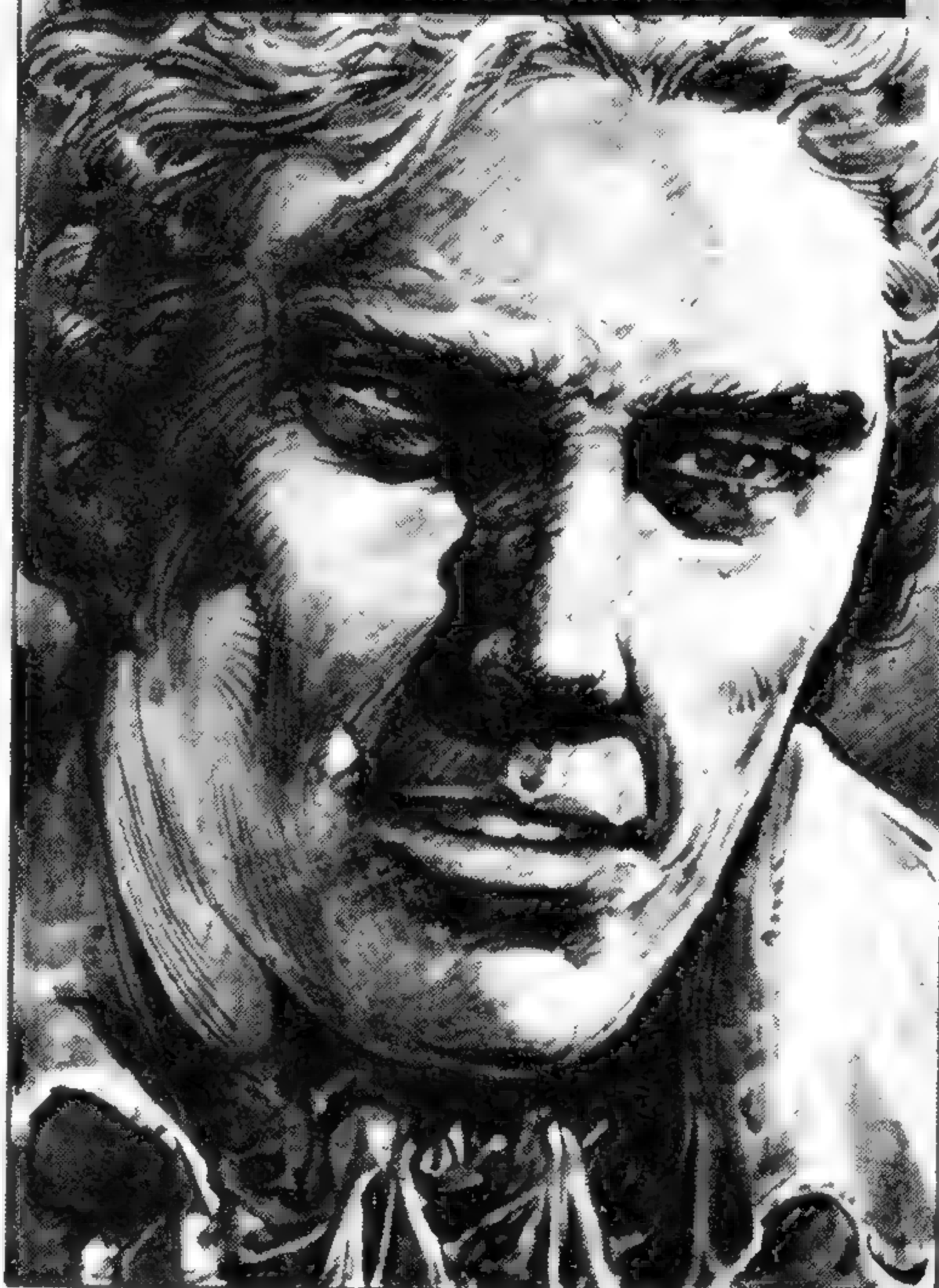
PIKE THOUGHT **BADLY** OF HAVING TO KILL A LOT OF THEM FOR A MOMENT...! BUT THEN THE **DRUG** TOOK OVER AND HE DIDN'T THINK ABOUT IT AT ALL.

BY THE TIME PIKE RETURNED TO THE HOTEL HE WANTED TO KILL SO BAD HE COULDN'T BELIEVE IT. AFTER ALL, IT WAS HIS **MISSION**, WHAT HE HAD **TRAINED** FOR. IT WAS TOO GODDAMN **IMPORTANT** FOR HIM TO BE IN ANY OTHER STATE OF MIND.

PERHAPS THE GROUND TROOPS WAITING OFF-SHORE WOULD BE RIGHT **AFTER** HIM... TO GIVE HIM **SUPPORT**. HE WOULD NOT LET HIS GOVERNMENT DOWN, SO HOW COULD THEY LET HIM DOWN? IT WAS A MATTER OF **NATIONAL SURVIVAL**.



WHO'S THAT **LITTLE CHATTERBOX...** WITH THE PRETTY AUBURN LOCKS CUTE LITTLE SHE... **LITTLE ORPHAN A-A-ANNIE!**



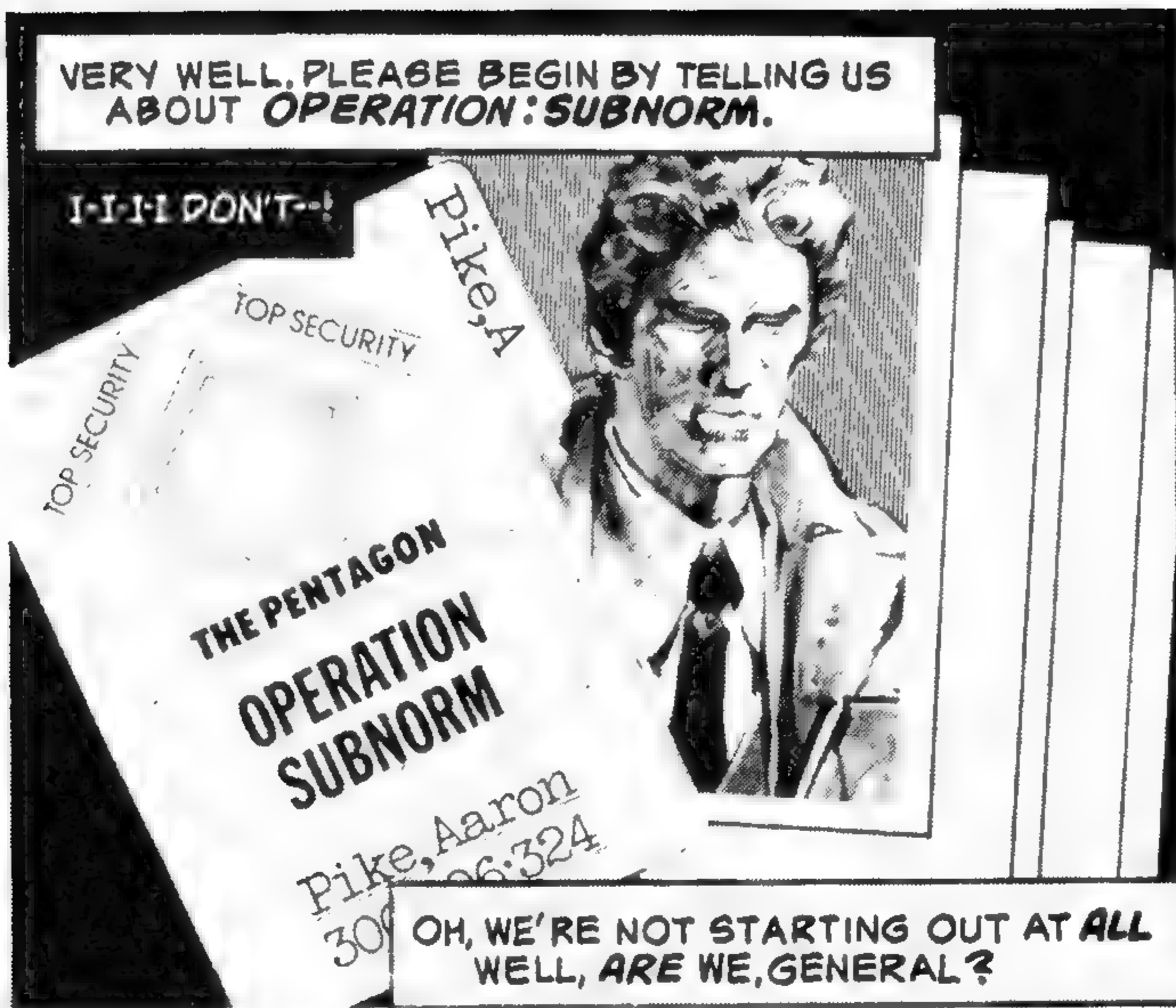
AND IF HE HAD TO DIE, WELL... HE'D DO IT WITH **FIREWORKS**.

HAPPY TRAIHIIILS TO YOOOOOOOO... UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN! HAPPY TRAIHIIILS TO YOU... KEEP SM-I-I-I-LIN' UNTIL THE-E-E-EN!



PRESS RELEASE
Senate Hearing 31114 Transcript
SENATOR BOND: General Haskell, you understand that this is only a hearing, to determine whether grounds exist for your dismissal. As this is only a hearing, you are under no obligation to answer any of the questions should you desire not to! Is all that clear, General?

GENERAL HASKELL: Quite clear, Senator.



VERY WELL. PLEASE BEGIN BY TELLING US ABOUT **OPERATION: SUBNORM**.

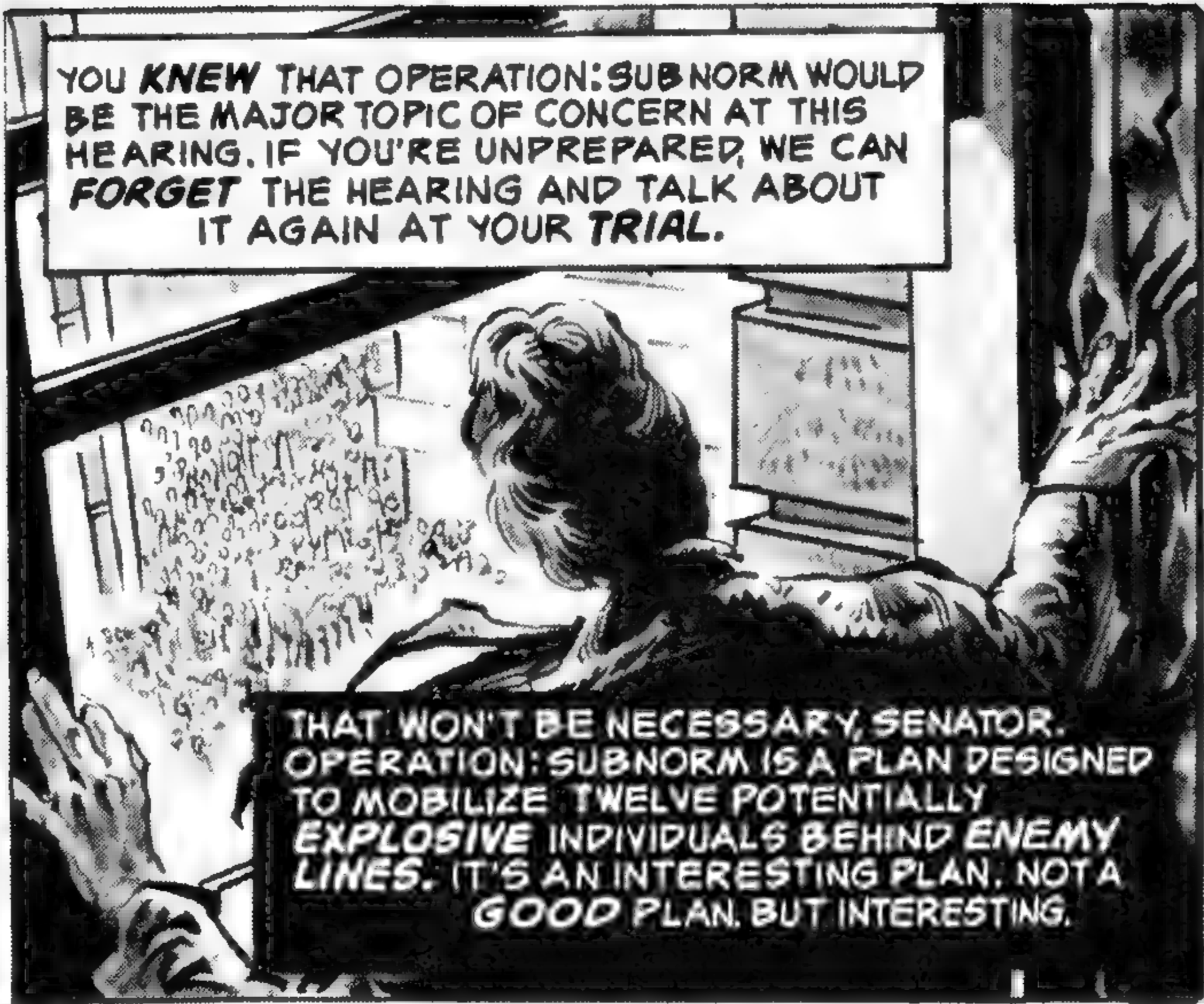
I-I-I DON'T--!

Pike, A

THE PENTAGON
**OPERATION
SUBNORM**

Pike, Aaron
306-324

OH, WE'RE NOT STARTING OUT AT **ALL** WELL, ARE WE, GENERAL?



YOU **KNEW** THAT **OPERATION: SUBNORM** WOULD BE THE MAJOR TOPIC OF CONCERN AT THIS HEARING. IF YOU'RE UNPREPARED, WE CAN **FORGET** THE HEARING AND TALK ABOUT IT AGAIN AT YOUR **TRIAL**.

THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY, SENATOR. **OPERATION: SUBNORM** IS A PLAN DESIGNED TO MOBILIZE TWELVE POTENTIALLY **EXPLOSIVE** INDIVIDUALS BEHIND **ENEMY LINES**. IT'S AN INTERESTING PLAN, NOT A **GOOD** PLAN, BUT INTERESTING.



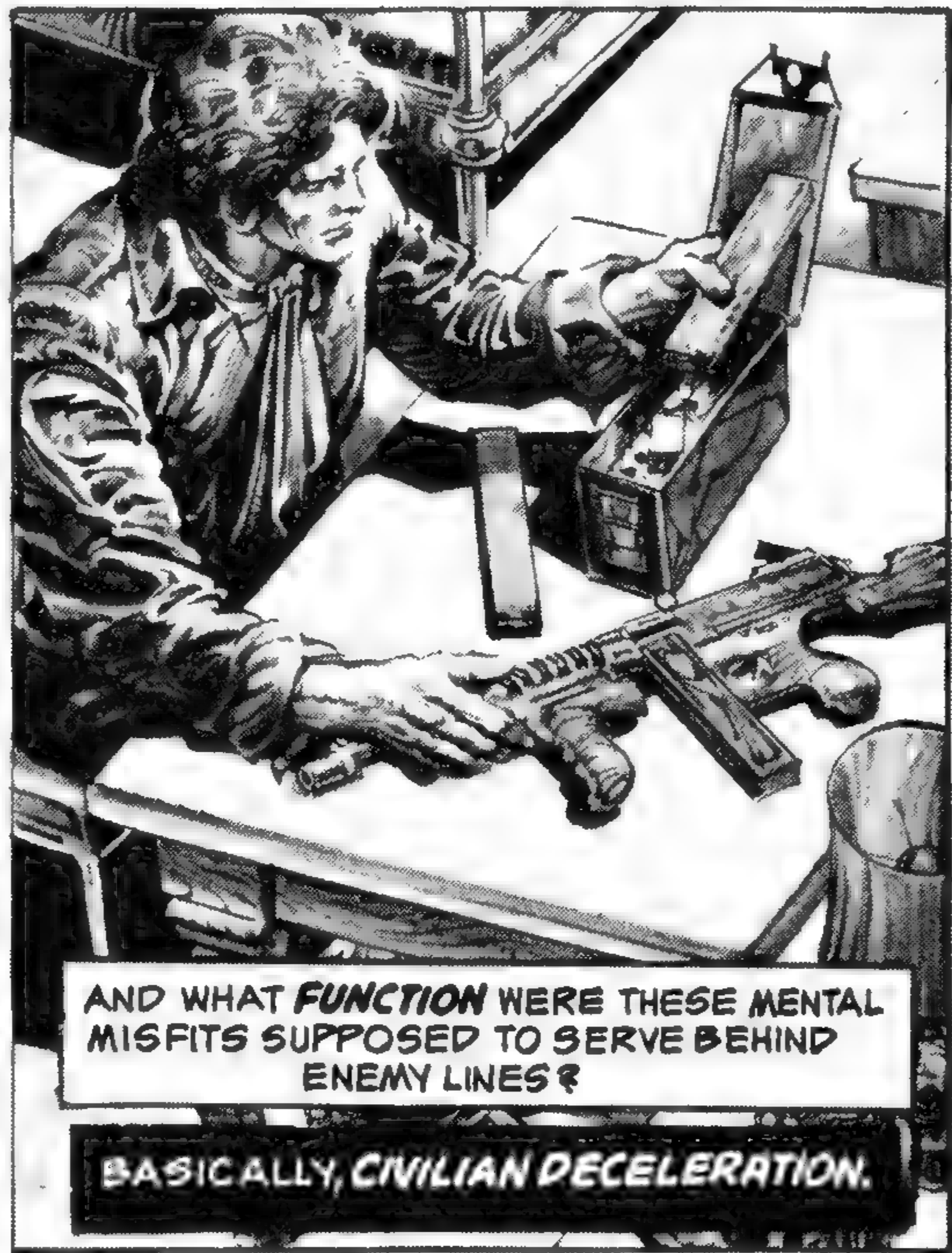
EXCUSE ME... "POTENTIALLY **EXPLOSIVE** INDIVIDUALS?" WHAT DOES THAT **MEAN**?

UM, USUALLY, DISORIENTED OR SEVERELY ALIENATED PERSONS, PREFERABLY THOSE CAPABLE OF **SUPERIOR AGGRESSION**.



YOU MEAN, **HOMICIDAL MANIACS**, DON'T YOU? **PSYCHOS**? INCURABLE **LUNATICS** STRAIGHT FROM **CUCKOOLAND**?

I WAS TRYING TO BE **POLITE**!



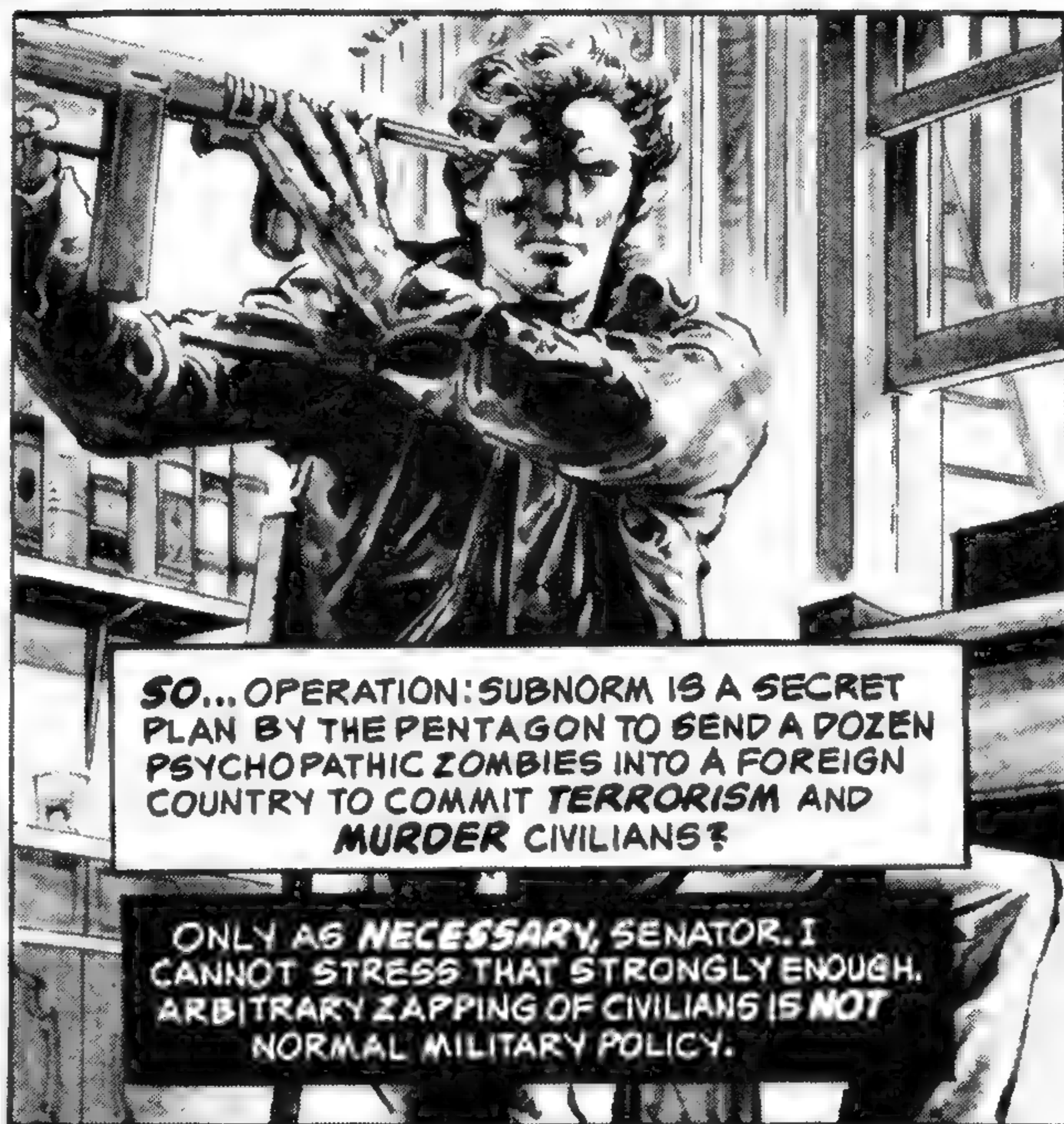
AND WHAT **FUNCTION** WERE THESE MENTAL MISFITS SUPPOSED TO SERVE BEHIND **ENEMY LINES**?

BASICALLY, CIVILIAN DECELERATION.



PLEASE, GENERAL. WE ONLY SPEAK **ENGLISH** HERE.

ER... OF COURSE, **TERRORISM**... **MASS-KILLING**... STUFF LIKE THAT. ONLY AS **NECESSARY**, OF COURSE. I MEAN, WE DON'T GO **APE-SHIT** ABOUT IT.



SO... **OPERATION: SUBNORM** IS A **SECRET** PLAN BY THE PENTAGON TO SEND A DOZEN **PSYCHOPATHIC ZOMBIES** INTO A FOREIGN COUNTRY TO COMMIT **TERRORISM** AND **MURDER** CIVILIANS?

ONLY AS **NECESSARY**, SENATOR. I CANNOT STRESS THAT STRONGLY ENOUGH. **ARBITRARY ZAPPING** OF CIVILIANS IS **NOT** NORMAL MILITARY POLICY.

WHAT IS THE PENTAGON'S OPINION OF THE
AARON PIKE AFFAIR?

OOPS.

"OOPS?" IS THAT A SINCERE, **HEARTFELT** "OOPS," OR IS THAT JUST A **STANDARD MILITARY ISSUE** "OOPS?" BECAUSE, WHEN I RETURN TO **GEORGIA** TOMORROW, I WANT TO BE ABLE TO TELL THE FAMILIES OF PIKE'S VICTIMS THAT THE DEFENSE DEPARTMENT IS PROPERLY REGRETFUL AND APOLOGETIC.

THE DEFENSE DEPARTMENT HAS ALREADY FORWARDED ITS APOLOGIES TO THE BEREAVED PARTIES. I MYSELF HAVE WRITTEN SEVERAL LETTERS TO THAT EFFECT.

ROLL UP! ROLL UP
FOR THE
MYSTERY TOUR!

YOU'RE A **TERRIFIC** GENERAL, GENERAL. TELL US ABOUT **AARON PIKE**.

YOU ALREADY HAVE MY BRIEF.

NO, PLEASE, TELL IT **ALOUD**. IT'S MORE **PRECIOUS** FROM YOUR OWN LIPS.

MENTAL HOSPITALS?

THAT'S RIGHT.

PIKE WAS A **PATIENT**?

PIKE WAS A **BEDBUG**.

I'LL BE GLAD
WHEN YOU'RE DEAD,
F YOU RASCAL,
YOU!

AS A MATTER OF FACT, IT WAS **ESSENTIAL** TO THE PLAN THAT THE SUBNORM TEAM CONSIST ONLY OF **MADMEN**.

PIKE CAME INTO SUBNORM FRESH FROM SHOOTING UP A **HEALTH SPA** IN **DES MOINES**.

HE GOT
FIGHTIN' MAD
THIS REBEL
LAD...!

HE WAS A **SIMMERER**. HE'D STORE UP PRESSURES FOR LONG PERIODS, AND THEN FOR THE MOST TRIVIAL OF REASONS, HE WOULD **EXPLODE** MOST VIOLENTLY.

SIX PEOPLE AT THE SPA WERE **KILLED** BECAUSE HE FAILED A **ZOO POUND** CLEAN AND JERK.

SUCH **RUTHLESSNESS** COULD NOT GO UNTAPPED...

WHAP!

...SO SHORTLY AFTER PIKE WAS COMMITTED TO AN **IOWA ASYLUM**, IT WAS ARRANGED TO HAVE HIM SECRETLY **TRANSFERRED** TO A **MILITARY BASE** IN **FLORIDA**.

PIKE QUICKLY PROVED HE WAS NO **EMPTY PROMISE**.

MANY
GOOD MEN ARE
ASLEEP IN THE
DEEP...!

WITH PROMPTING, PIKE WAS **AMAZING**. **NAKED AGGRESSION**. NO THOUGHTS BUT **KILLING**. NO **HEB** ITATION. **MARVELOUS!**

PROMPTING? WHAT SORT OF PROMPTING?

BDDA-BDDA-BDDA-BDDA!

ALL OF THE SUBNORMS WERE PUT INTO AN INTENSIVE PROGRAM OF **DEPOLARIZATION** AND **MOTIVE REDIRECTION**.

BREAK IT OFF, GENERAL.

SORRY. BRAINWASHING AND REPROGRAMING.

OBVIOUSLY, SUCH DANGEROUS PSYCHOPATHS MUST BE RIGOROUSLY CONTROLLED TO BE OF ANY VALUE.

PIKE WAS NOT EXACTLY RIGOROUSLY CONTROLLED IN SAVANNAH, WAS HE?

I CANNOT ACCEPT RESPONSIBILITY FOR THAT. I WAS NOT EVEN AWARE OF SUBNORM UNTIL AFTER THE PIKE EPISODE. IT WAS KEPT FROM ME. I AM ONLY COMPLETING MY INVESTIGATION OF THE MATTER NOW!

CAN YOU TELL THIS COMMITTEE WHAT YOU'VE LEARNED?

OPERATION: SUBNORM WAS DESIGNED AS A PRELUDE TO A MAJOR INVASION OF AN ENEMY COUNTRY. THE TWELVE SUBNORMS, IN COGNITO AND ARMED WITH CIVILIAN-MADE AUTOMATIC WEAPONS, WERE TO SMUGGLE THEMSELVES INTO THE CAPITAL, AND IN SHORT TIME INFLICT AS MUCH TERROR AND CONFUSION AS POSSIBLE.

THIS WOULD BE FOLLOWED UP WITH MASSIVE AIR STRIKES, AND FOREIGN MERCENARY GROUND TROOPS WOULD BE SENT IN TO MOP UP WHAT WAS LEFT. THE ENTIRE OPERATION WOULD BE OVER IN A MATTER OF HOURS.

WAS OPERATION: SUBNORM A PLAN OF YOURS, GENERAL HASKELL?

ABSOLUTELY NOT!

WHOSE PLAN WAS IT?

BKKA-BKKA-BKKA

I'D RATHER NOT SAY. IT'S KIND OF EMBARRASSING. IT WAS PUT TOGETHER DURING A PREVIOUS ADMINISTRATION.

WHAT ADMINISTRATION, GENERAL?

THE, ER... KENNEDY ADMINISTRATION.

BDD-BDD-BADDA!

THAT WAS TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO!

I KNOW IT.

HOW GOOD CAN A MILITARY OPERATION BE AFTER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS?

HAPPINESS IS A WARM GUN...!

BAAKKA! BAKKA! BAKKA!

NOT SO GOOD. MISSION PLANS THAT OUTDATED ARE USUALLY DONATED TO COLLEGE LIBRARIES. HOWEVER, SOMEBODY THOUGHT IT HAD MERIT AND PUT IT INTO OPERATION.

WHO WAS THAT, GENERAL?

I DON'T KNOW, YET. I'M STILL LOOKING INTO THE MATTER.

WHAT WAS THE PURPOSE OF USING MANIACS FOR THIS MISSION? SURELY YOU HAVE ORDINARY TROOPS WHO ARE JUST AS PROFICIENT AT KILLING.

FEEEEEELINGS... NOTHING MORE THAN FEEEEEELINGS...!

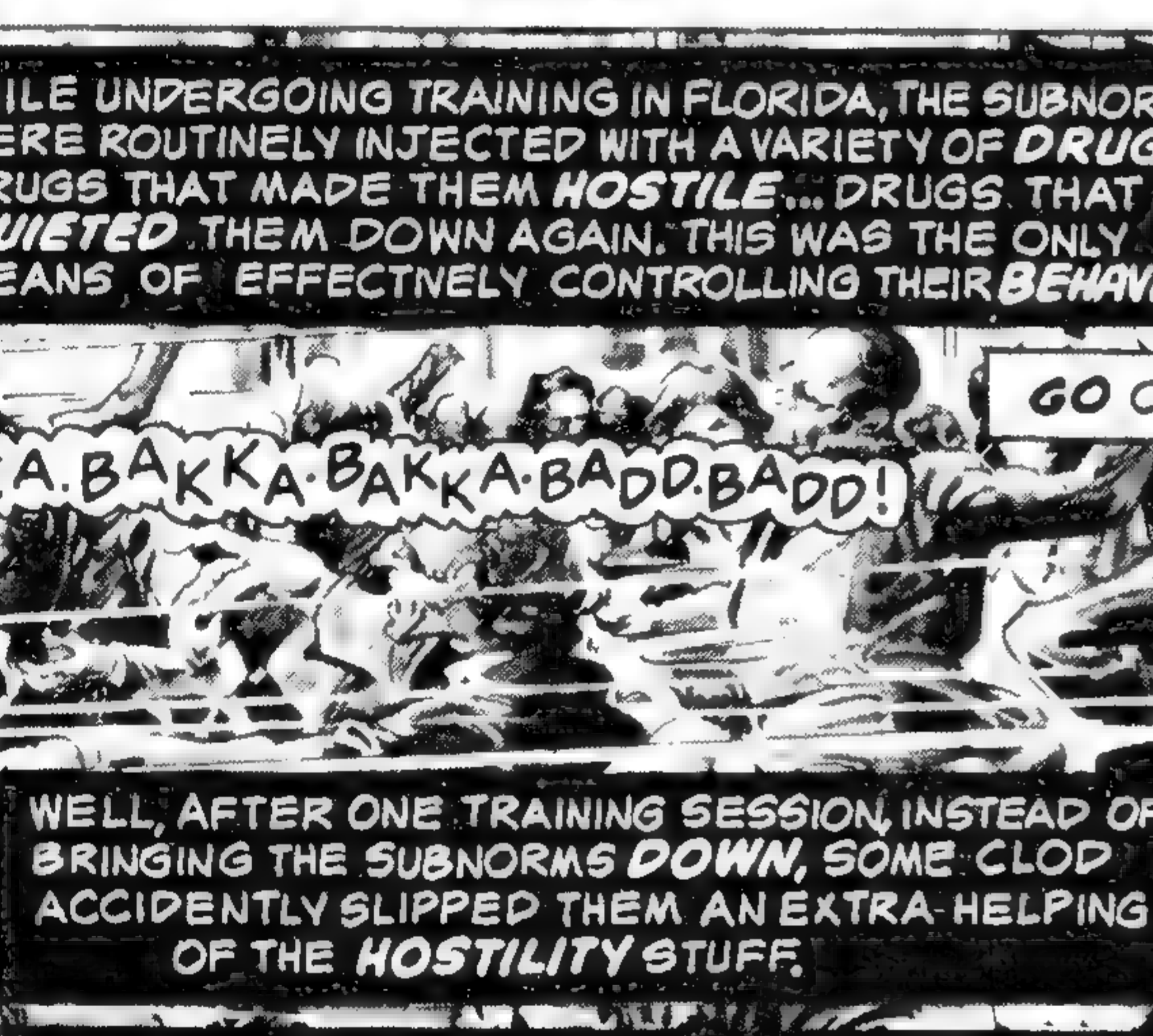
THE IDEA WAS, IF THEY WERE CAPTURED, THEY'D HAVE NOTHING TO TELL THE ENEMY. THE SUBNORMS COULDN'T EVEN SPEAK! THEY WERE TAUGHT TO SING SONGS!

THAT STRAINS THE IMAGINATION.

LIKE I SAID... IT WASN'T A GOOD PLAN. JUST INTERESTING.

D.DA.BDA.BDA.BAKKA.BAKKA.BAKKA

YOU MEAN THE ENTIRE OPERATION WAS FOR
THE *INVASION OF CUBA*!!?



SO HOW THE HELL DID PIKE WIND UP IN SAVANNAH, GEORGIA?!

WHILE UNDERGOING TRAINING IN FLORIDA, THE SUBNORMS WERE ROUTINELY INJECTED WITH A VARIETY OF DRUGS. DRUGS THAT MADE THEM HOSTILE... DRUGS THAT QUIETED THEM DOWN AGAIN. THIS WAS THE ONLY MEANS OF EFFECTNELY CONTROLLING THEIR BEHAVIOR.

GO ON...!

BAKKA. BAKKA. BAKKA. BADD. BADD!

WELL, AFTER ONE TRAINING SESSION, INSTEAD OF BRINGING THE SUBNORMS DOWN, SOME CLOD ACCIDENTLY SLIPPED THEM AN EXTRA-HELPING OF THE HOSTILITY STUFF.

THE SUBNORMS QUICKLY OVERPOWERED THEIR GUARDS, SCALED THE FENCE, AND SCRAMBLED ACROSS THE STATE. THE MISSION WAS ON.

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BKKA.BAKKA.BKKA.BKKA.BKKA.BKKA.BK

EVERYONE EXCEPT FOR PIKE! HE'D GONE IN THE OTHER DIRECTION, MAKING A BEE-LINE FOR SAVANNAH!

BKKA.BAKKA.BKKA.BKKA.BKKA.BKKA.BKKA!

EVERY ONE EXCEPT FOR PIKE! HE'D GONE IN THE OTHER DIRECTION, MAKING A BEE-LINE FOR SAVANNAH!

THE POOR GOOF
GOT LOST! HE WENT
NORTH TO SAVANNAH
INSTEAD OF SOUTH
TO HAVANA!

AND WHEN HE GOT THERE, CERTAIN
HE WAS WHERE HE WAS SUPPOSED
TO BE, HE HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO
COMPLETE HIS MISSION OF
TERRORISM AND CIVILIAN DE-
CELERATION.

THERE'S THE TERM AGAIN. IF I REMEMBER
"CIVILIAN DECELERATION" WAS A
FAVORITE PHRASE OF--! DEAR GOD!

BKKA·BKKA·BKKA·BKKA·BKKA·KKK!

SENATOR... AS FAR AS I CAN
DETERMINE, SUBNORM WAS THE
IDEA OF, EH... GENERAL
"CHIGGERS" ROSENTHAL.

TEXAS JOHN ♪
 SLAUGHTER MADE
 'EM DO WHAT THEY
 ♪ OUGHTER... CAUSE ♪
 IF THEY DIDN'T
 \$ THEY'D DIIIIIE...!

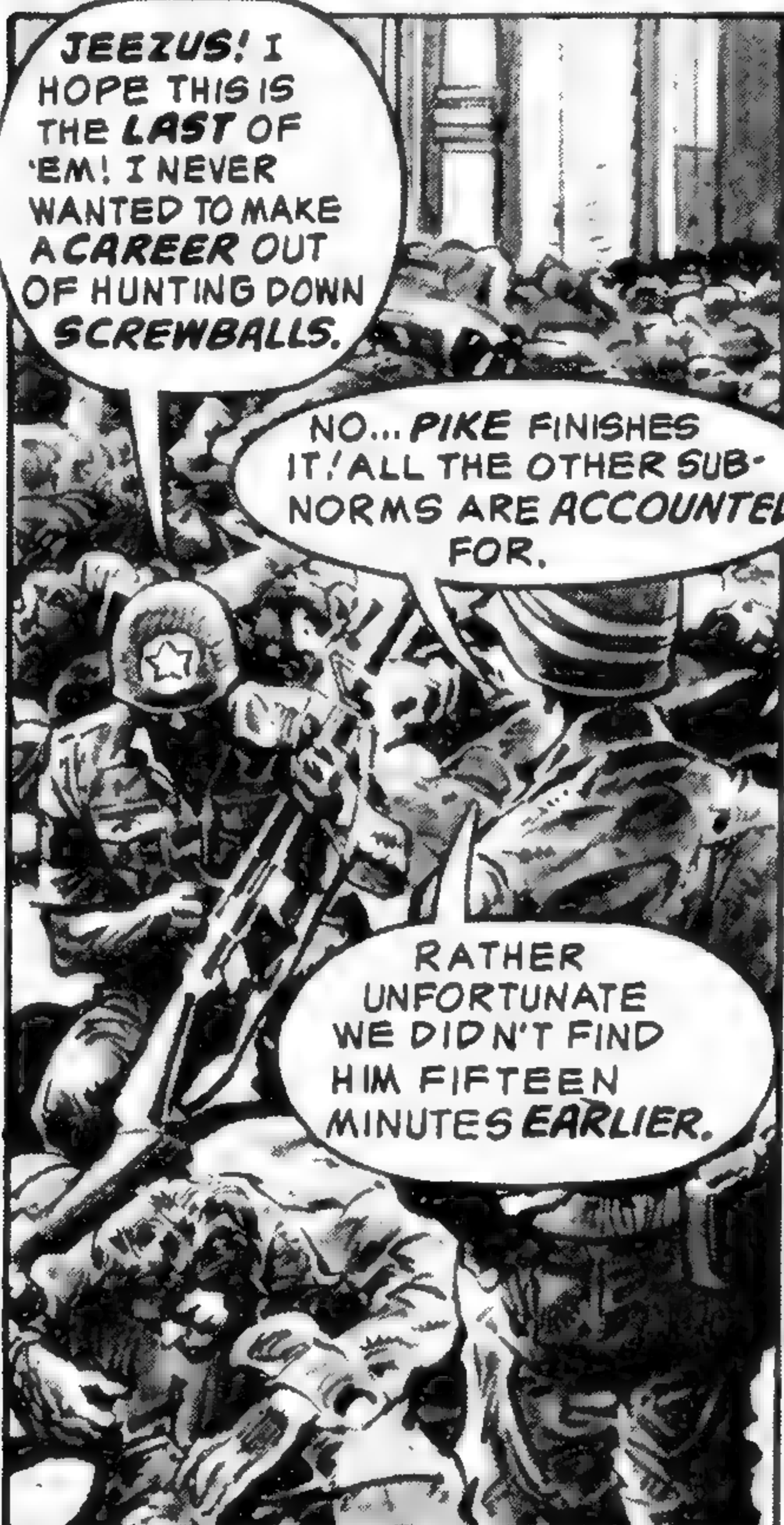
GENERAL ROSENTHAL WAS VERY BITTER ABOUT THE FAILURE OF THE BAY OF PIGS INVASION. SUB-NORM MUST HAVE REPRESENTED ANOTHER CHANCE FOR HIM.

TEXAS JOHN
SLAUGHTER MADE
'EM DO WHAT THEY
OUGHTER... CAUSE
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THEY'D *DIIEEE...*!

GENERAL ROSENTHAL WAS VERY BITTER ABOUT THE FAILURE OF THE **BAY OF PIGS** INVASION. SUB NORM MUST HAVE REPRESENTED ANOTHER CHANCE FOR HIM.

K-TOW! K-TOW!

SHIT! WHO KNOWS? IF PIKE HAD GONE TO HAVANA INSTEAD OF SAVANNAH, MAYBE CUBA WOULD BE OUR FIFTY-FIRST STATE!



LET ME UNDERSTAND THIS, YOU'RE SAYING THAT **OPERATION: SUBNORM** WAS THE CREATION OF GEN. CHIGGERS ROSENTHAL ... THE SAME WILD-EYED SCHIZOID RABID DOG GENERAL WHO ATTEMPTED A **MILITARY OVERTHROW** OF THE UNITED STATES IN 1980?

THERE ARE THOSE WHO THINK OF HIM AS A **PATRIOT**. GENERAL ROSENTHAL STILL HAS A **FIERCELY LOYAL** CIRCLE OF SUPPORTERS AT THE **PENTAGON**.

BUT HOW IS IT **POSSIBLE** FOR GENERAL ROSENTHAL TO PUT A MAD OPERATION LIKE SUBNORM INTO **EFFECT**? HE **DIED FIVE YEARS AGO!!**

COUGH!! HE... LEFT A NOTE.

The HARVEST

AH, **AUTUMN**. WHEN MOTHER NATURE PAINTS THE GREAT OUTDOORS WITH HER MAGICAL PALETTE OF REDS AND YELLOWS AND THE CHILL AIR **TINGLES** YOU TO THE BONE.

THE TIME OF YEAR FOR **THANKSGIVING**... FOR HARVESTING THE CROPS THE GOOD LORD HAS PROVIDED.



ALWAYS THE POETESS, AREN'T YOU, LIZBETH? WELL, YOU'LL SEE **NONE** OF AUTUMN'S HUES IN **THAT** ASPHALT JUNGLE.

THERE'LL BE PLENTY OF CHILL AIR, THOUGH, AND A **HARVEST** THAT THE CORPORATION HAS PROMISED TO BE **RICHER** THAN EVER.

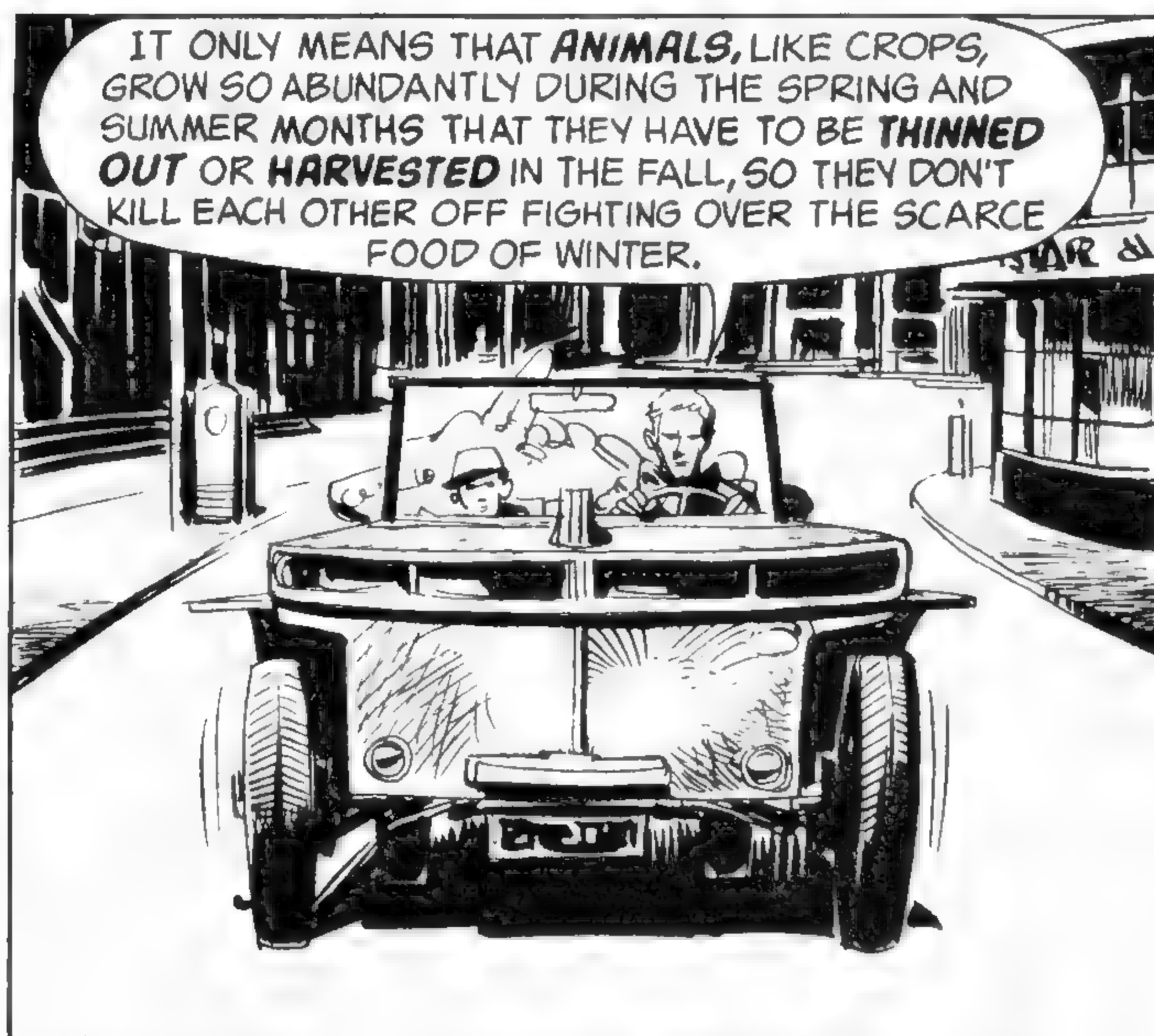
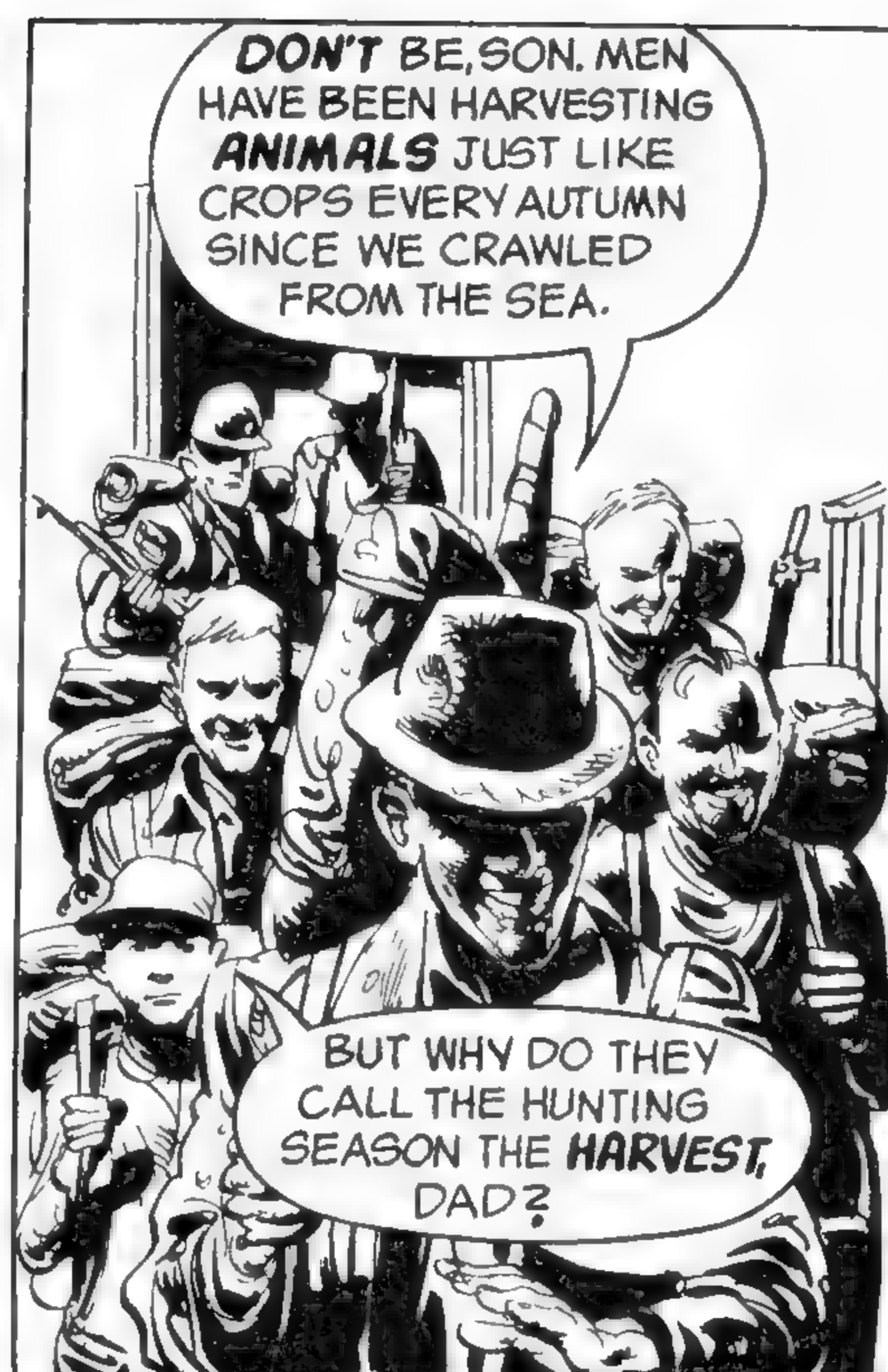
WE WON'T BE DISAPPOINTED, WE'LL BRING BACK THE BEST WE CAN **FIND**.

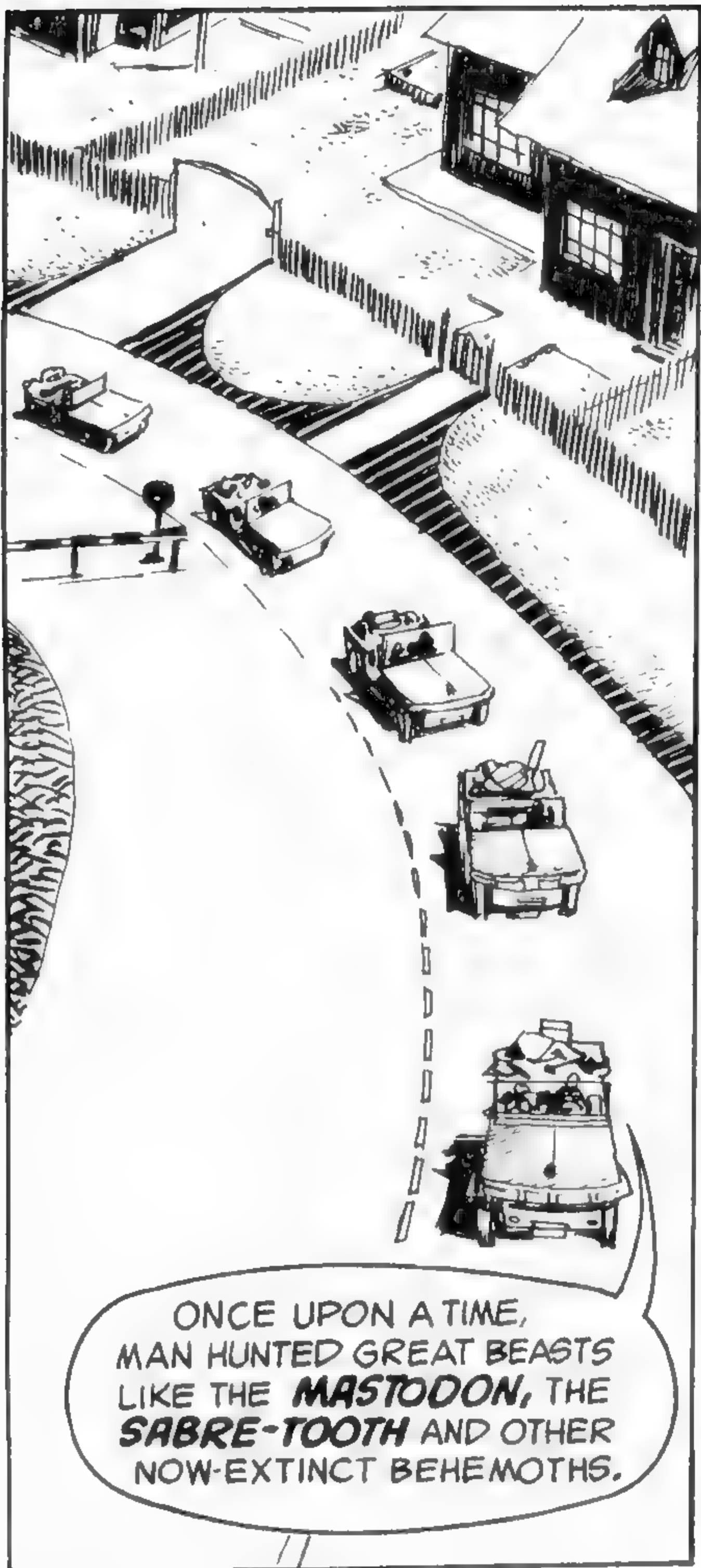


I SURE HOPE SO, DAD. WE'VE WAITED A FULL YEAR TO PUT SOME **DECENT** FOOD ON THE TABLE.

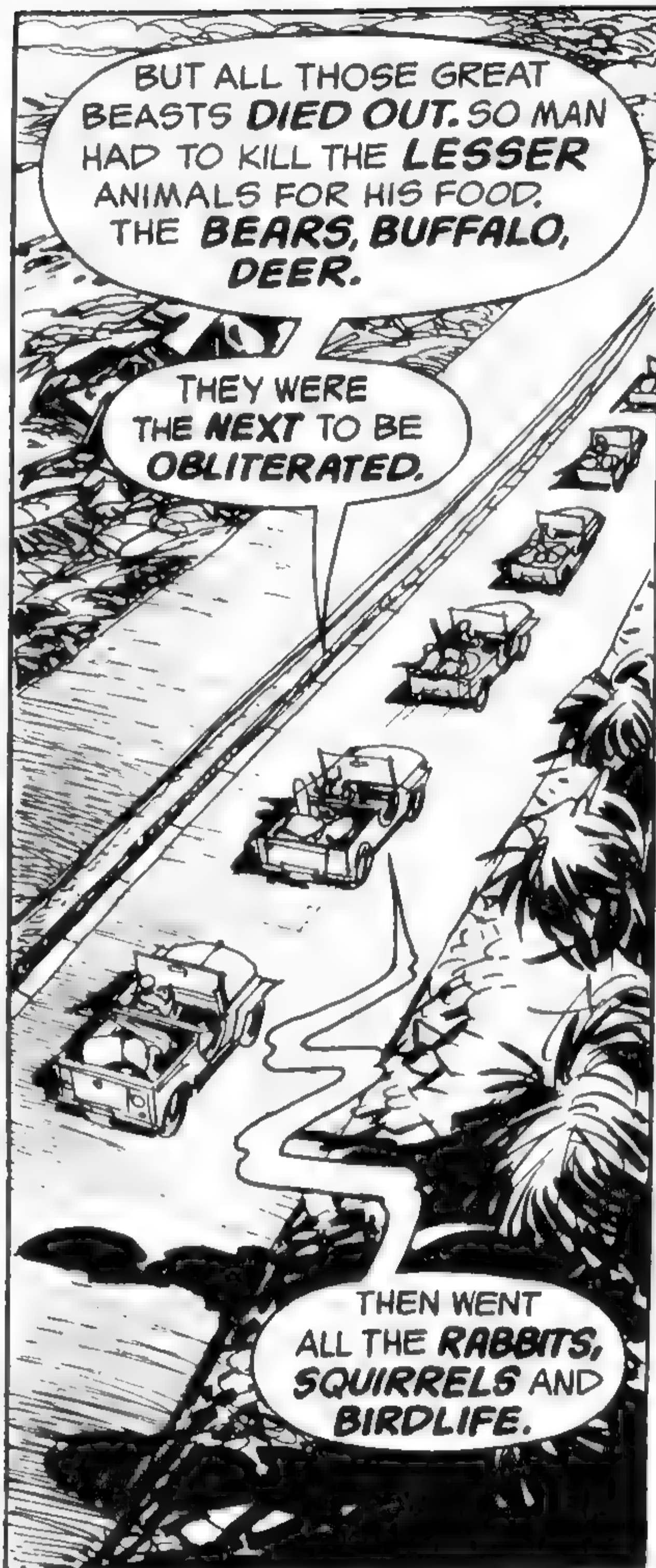


BRING BACK SOMETHING **EXTRA SPECIAL** FOR SUNDAY'S DINNER, BOYS. WE MUST GIVE **THANKS** FOR NATURE'S BOUNTIFUL **HARVEST**!





ONCE UPON A TIME,
MAN HUNTED GREAT BEASTS
LIKE THE **MASTODON**, THE
SABRE-TOOTH AND OTHER
NOW-EXTINCT BEHEMOTHS.



BUT ALL THOSE GREAT
BEASTS **DIED OUT**. SO MAN
HAD TO KILL THE **LESSER**
ANIMALS FOR HIS FOOD.
THE **BEARS, BUFFALO,**
DEER.

THEY WERE
THE **NEXT** TO BE
OBLITERATED.

THEN WENT
ALL THE **RABBITS,**
SQUIRRELS AND
BIRDLIFE.



IT WASN'T TOO LONG
AFTER THAT EVEN THE **FARM**
ANIMALS BECAME EXTINCT.
PIGS, COWS, SHEEP
AND CHICKENS.



IT WAS ONLY WHEN
MAN REALIZED HE WAS
REALLY IN A MESS, THE
GREAT CRISIS CAME. AN
OVERPOPULATED WORLD
WAS DEMANDING MORE
AND **BETTER** FOOD...

...BUT THERE
WAS **NONE**
AT ALL.



IT WAS THE CLASSIC
CASE OF **TOO MANY**
ANIMALS CLAMORING FOR
TOO LITTLE OF EVERYTHING...
ALL THOSE PEOPLE WITH ALL
THOSE APPETITES WERE
AT EACH OTHERS'
THROATS!

GOVERNMENTS THAT
COULD DO NOTHING
COLLAPSED AND THERE
WAS WORLD-WIDE
CHAOS.



BUT THEN THE
CORPORATIONS STEPPED
IN, RIGHT DAD?

THAT THEY **DID**, BILLY.
THEY **REORGANIZED** THE
ENTIRE WORLD.



A WHOLE NEW SET OF **RULES** WAS LAID DOWN BY THE CORPORATIONS, AND IN A SENSE, MANKIND GOT A **FRESH START**.

LOOK AT ALL THE **HUNTERS, DAD!** I NEVER REALIZED THERE WERE SO **MANY!**

IT'S THE **OPENING DAY** OF THE SEASON, BILLY. AND THE CORPORATIONS HAVE PROMISED THE **BEST HARVEST EVER**.

THERE'LL BE MORE **MEAT** ON THE TABLE THIS YEAR THAN MANY OF US HAVE SEEN SINCE WE WERE BOYS!

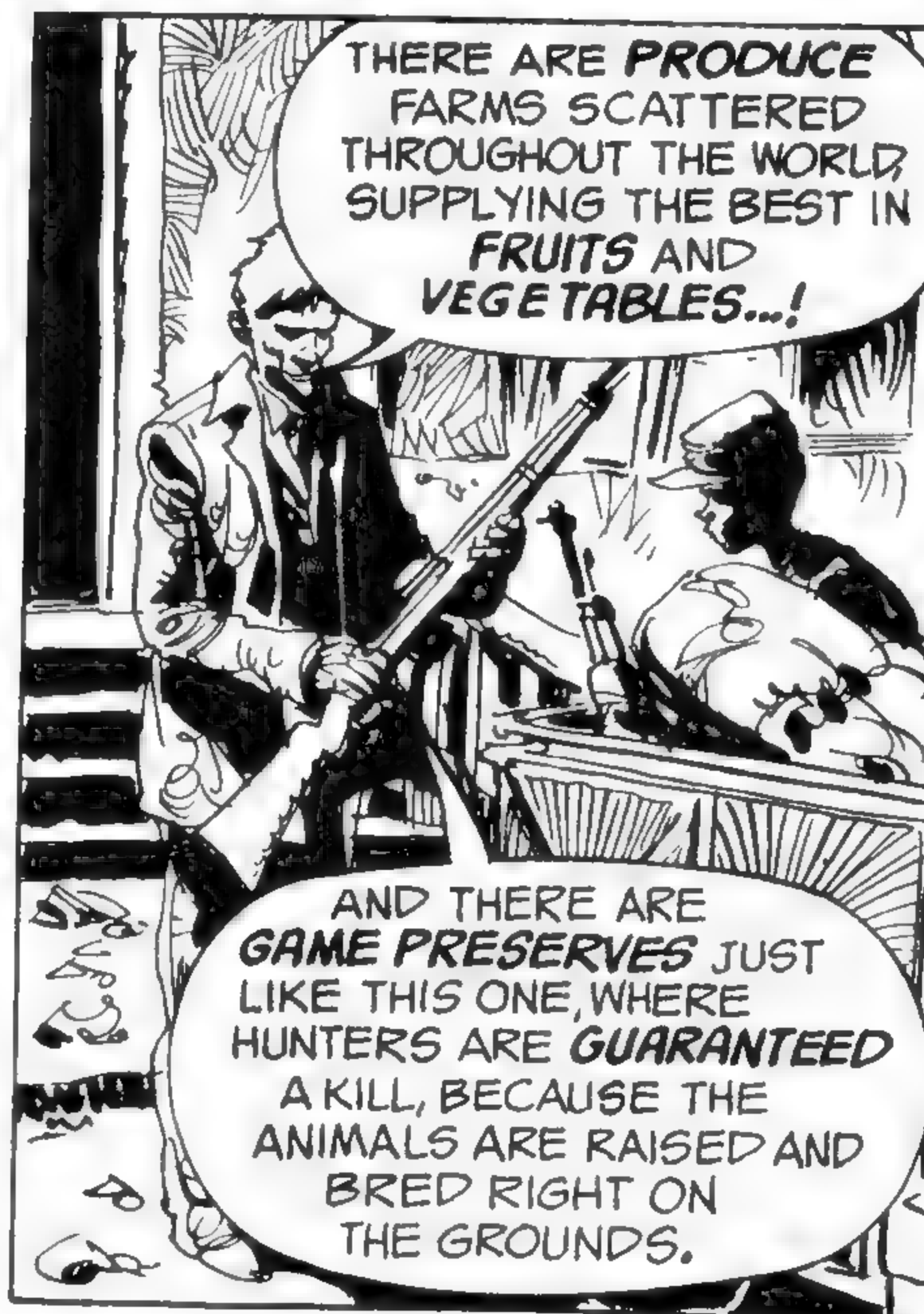
GAME PRESERVE



AND WE'VE ONLY THE **CORPORATION** TO THANK FOR THAT, HUH, DAD?



RIGHT, SON. THROUGH PROPER **MANAGEMENT**, THE CORPORATIONS HAVE COMPLETELY OBLITERATED **STARVATION**.



THERE ARE **PRODUCE FARMS** SCATTERED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD SUPPLYING THE BEST IN **FRUITS AND VEGETABLES...!**

AND THERE ARE **GAME PRESERVES** JUST LIKE THIS ONE, WHERE HUNTERS ARE **GUARANTEED** A KILL, BECAUSE THE ANIMALS ARE RAISED AND BRED RIGHT ON THE GROUNDS.



BE **SHARP** NOW, SON.

THIS IS YOUR **FIRST HUNT** SO YOU'LL WANT TO BE ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR SOMETHING **EXTRA SPECIAL**.



T-THE ANIMALS ACTUALLY **LIVE** IN THESE FILTHY PLACES, POP?

THEY **BREED** HERE LIKE FLIES, SON.



WATCH OUT, BILLY. THAT HUNTER'S ONTO A **SCENT!**









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GAAAA! HAPPY
JIM...WE'RE UNDER ATTACK
BY THE PHILANDERING **LECHMEN**
OF OFFAL IV!

THEY...THEY
MUST BE AFTER OUR
CARGO OF HORNYHIMILIAN
NYMPHMINK!

NIX, SKEEZIX! IT'S
MY LATEST ISSUE OF
1984 THEY'RE AFTER! BUT
THEY'LL NEVER WREST IT
FROM ME INTACT!

IS... IS **THAT**
WHY YOU'RE **EATING**
IT, HAPPY
JIM?

THAT'S RIGHT,
SKEEZIX! NOT ONLY
IS **1984** A VISUAL DE-
LIGHT... BUT IT **TASTES**
PRETTY DARN GOOD,
TOO!

CURSES TO YOU,
YOU PIG-SKINNED EARTHIAN!
MAY THE WIND AT YOUR BACK
NEVER BE YOUR OWN!

HAPPY JIM SAYS:

HEY, KIDS, DON'T BE A SORE-HEADED LECHMAN! IF YOUR SOLAR SYSTEM DOESN'T
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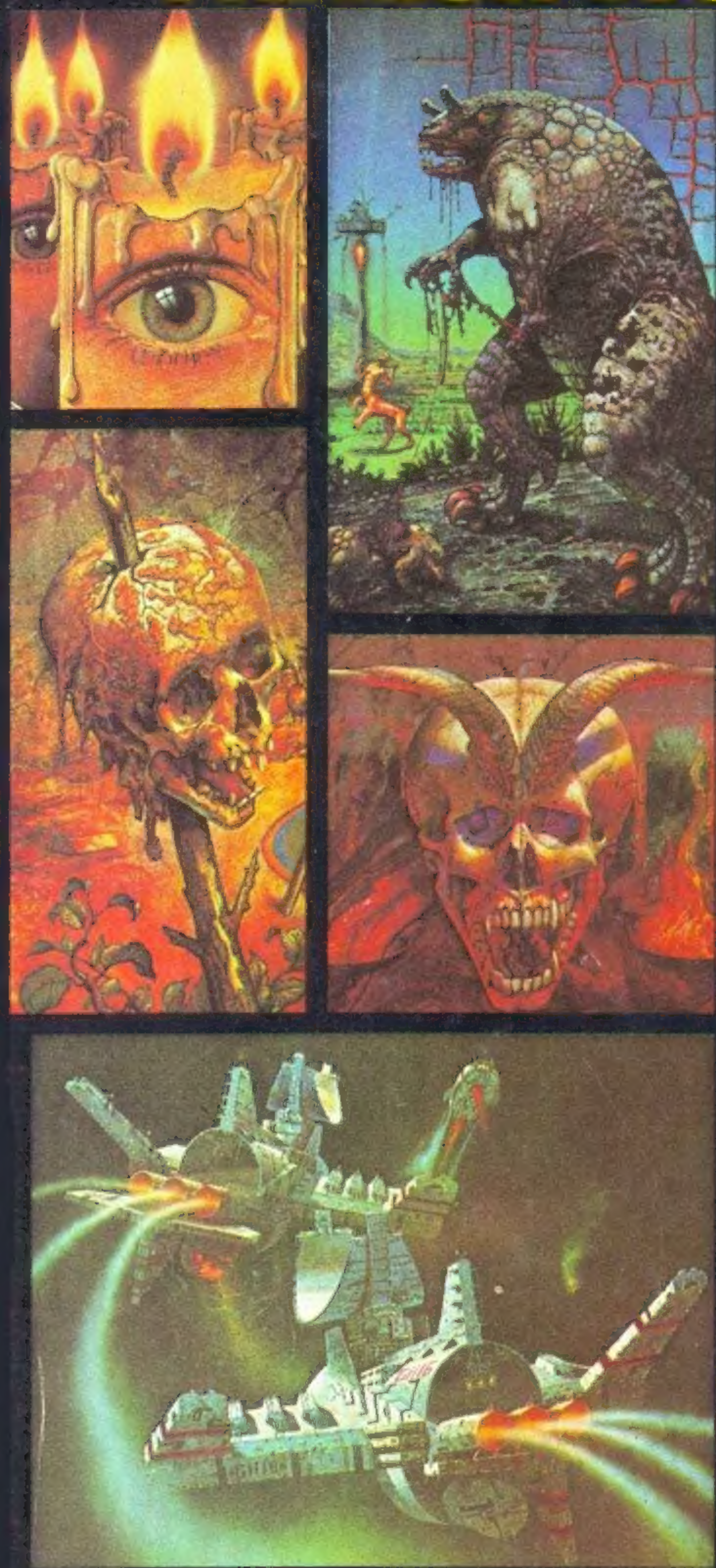
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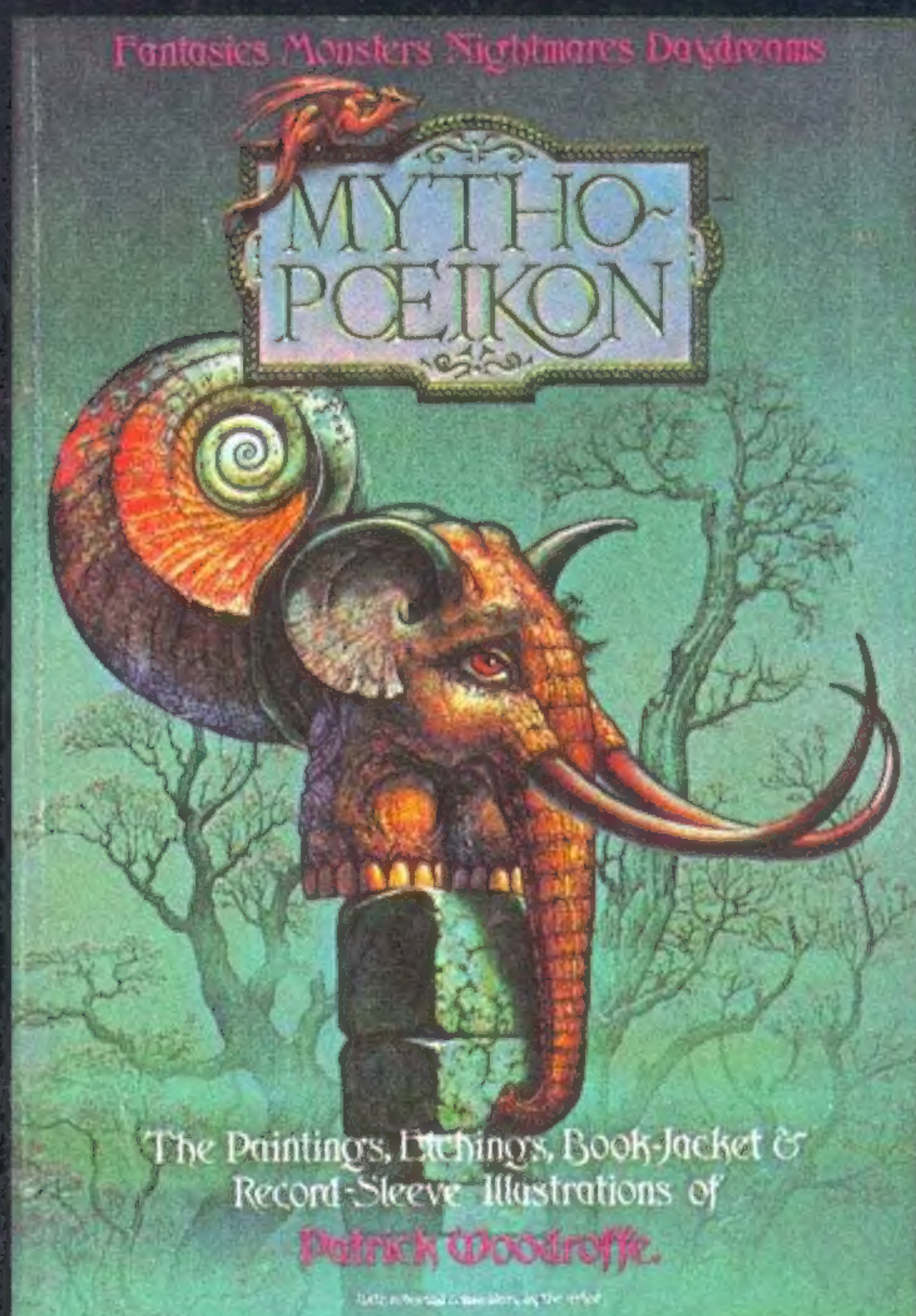
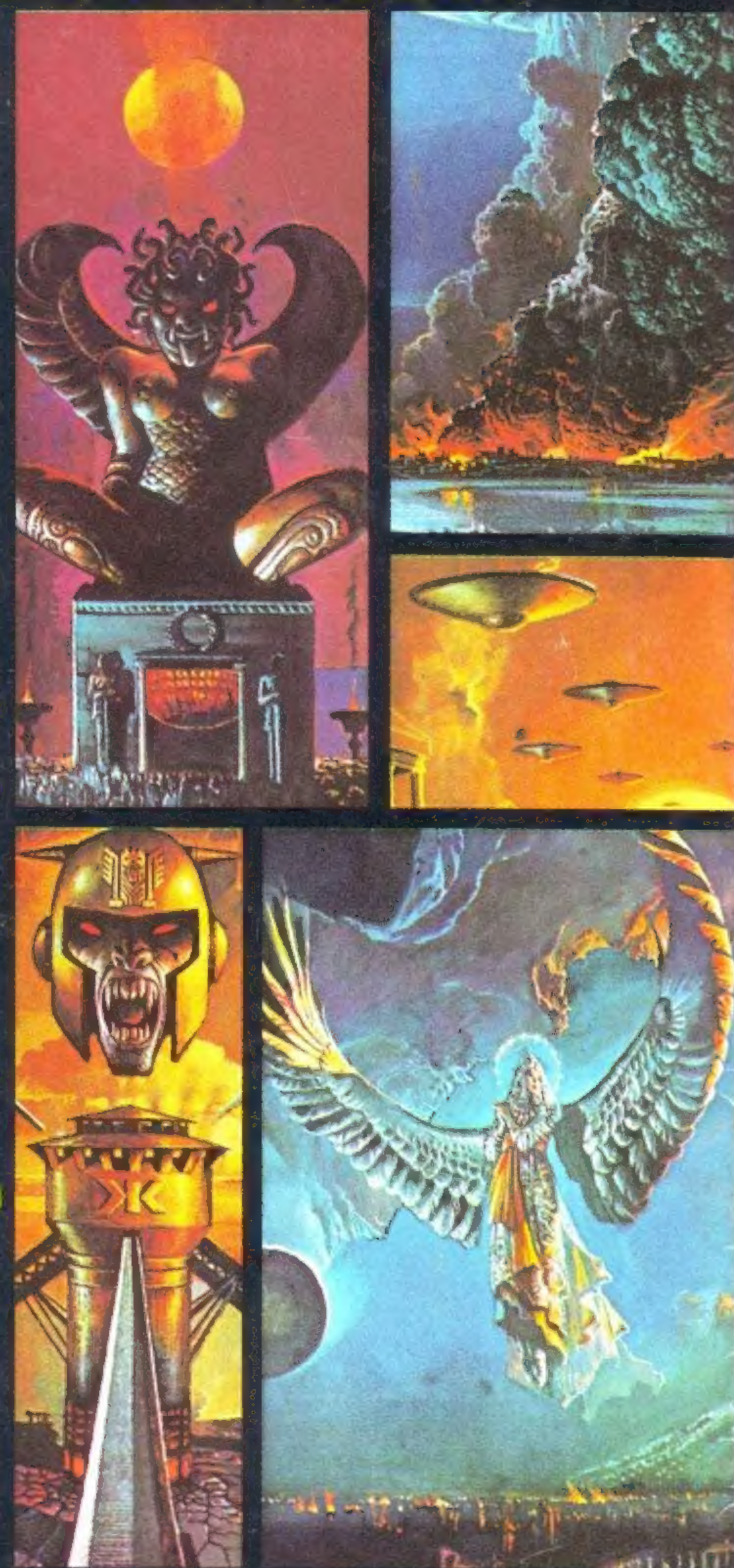
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